

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3210.—VOL. CXVII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1900.

WITH FOUR-PAGE
SUPPLEMENT SIXPENCE.



A NOTABLE PERFORMANCE OF THE C.I.V.: THE BATTERY ENGAGED OUTSIDE PRETORIA, JUNE 11.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I suppose there is nothing that some nations resent so deeply as criticism of their manners and customs by foreign observers. The English are exempt from this particular sensitiveness, because their insular pride makes them indifferent to alien satire. When you have a flag that for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze, you don't mind what the foreigner says about the cut of your clothes, and your manner of wearing them. So thick is the Englishman's skin, indeed, that even when his women-folk are attacked, when their dress, deportment, and the size of their feet are ridiculed, he remains calm. He has the unshaken conviction that English women are the flower and cream of womanhood all the world over, and no foreign disparagement ruffles him. But there are countries where it is not safe for the interloper to criticise anything. Remember the fate of Paul Bourget. He was invited to America; he was invited, moreover, to speak his mind freely. In "Outre-Mer" he paid some warm tributes to American institutions; but in an ill moment he wondered why some ladies at Newport came down to breakfast in tiaras. Then rose Mark Twain in wrath, and asked why this miserable Frenchman, this writer of shocking novels, this countryman of other writers of shocking novels, should dare to pollute the chaste homes of America with his opinions.

Years ago, outside a factory in Chicago, I read this engaging notice: "We pay a man to ring this bell." This warning to mischievous urchins was far more effectual than any of the mirthless injunctions you see in England: "Trespassers will be prosecuted," and so forth. I wonder that American editors and publishers do not issue a notice like this: "We do our own satire in this country. No foreigners need apply." It would have the merit of literal accuracy, for more pungent irony than the irony of Mr. Dooley or of Mr. Eliot Gregory I have seldom read. Mr. Gregory, whose views have lately come before the British public in a little volume called "Worldly Ways and Byways," cuts up his countrymen and countrywomen with merciless candour. He says, for instance, that the American man is uneducated, and the American woman is overdressed. If any Englishman had written this, Mark Twain would have eaten him alive. Does anything happen to Mr. Gregory? Is he the victim of cannibal rites, seasoned with patriotic sauce? As far as I can make out, he continues to chasten American society with scorpions in the columns of that able journal, the *New York Evening Post*, and his readers take this in such excellent part that American girls write him little notes soliciting his advice.

I dare not express any opinion about Mr. Gregory's attitude towards the institutions of his native land. I can only wonder that he still lives to tell the British reader the story of his page-boy, who, as a free and enlightened American citizen, refused to wear a livery. That boy, I have no doubt, reflected that he might be a candidate for the Presidential chair some day, and that it would never do to give his opponents the chance to turn that livery into a campaign anecdote. Mr. Gregory thinks that a page ought to be very glad to wear a nice new livery, and scoffs at the idea of a soul above "buttons." He may be right: I don't venture to argue such a delicate point with a representative of American democracy. But on the principle, already laid down, that a satirist has no business to invade a country where he has no birthright, I am entitled to ask what Mr. Gregory means by this: "In England, I am told, the man of a family goes up to London in the spring, and gets his complete outfit, down to the smallest details of hat-box and umbrella. If there happens to be money left, the wife gets a new gown or two. If not, she 'turns' the old ones, and rejoices vicariously in the splendour of her 'lord.'"

Does anybody recognise this picture? Is there any known household in this island where in the spring the tyrant's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of a new hat-box, while his submissive helpmeet plaintively sings—

I cannot "turn" the old gowns,
They are so dear to me?

I had an idea that, in the spring, wives who don't live in London flocked hither on impatient wing, and that very soon a lovelier iris glowed upon the burnished dove—I mean the dove that has her burnishing done by Mr. Peter Robinson. I have had the pleasure of knowing the mates of some of these charming migrants [migrant means the bird that migrates; if you say vagrant, why not migrant?], and I have never noticed them languishing in the springtime for want of new hat-boxes. In this conservative country, I may confess, a hat-box lasts a lifetime; indeed, it is often handed down as an heirloom in the best families. Who has told Mr. Gregory that legend of our springtime fashions? I feel like the sceptical blacksmith who listened eagerly to the story of Jonah and the whale, but received with professional scorn the episode of Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace. "And I don't believe your fish story now!" said the blacksmith. I am equally inclined to doubt

Mr. Gregory's sweeping indictment of the uneducated American man and the overdressed American woman. They are strangers to me. I have never met an American man who did not teach me something; and I have never met an American woman without discovering a new point of sympathy.

Some ladies, I observe, expect a great deal too much from man, mere literary man. One of them has lately told the moving tale of a student friend of hers in Paris who conceived a violent attachment to a certain author. He was quite unconscious of this honour until she called upon him one day and threw herself at his feet. He remained impassive, so she called again, and kept on calling until he was compelled to take her to a *maison de santé*, where she was treated for neurasthenia, or something of that kind, and eventually sent home to her people in her right mind. Now, in a humble masculine judgment, the much-besieged author in this case behaved with propriety and good sense. "A fig for your property!" cries the lady who unfolds this tale of woe to the world. "He ought to have received the poor girl with sympathy; all she wanted was a little sympathy; instead of which he took her to a madhouse, politely called a *maison de santé*. Unfeeling brute!"

This discussion arises out of the lately published correspondence between Marie Bashkirtseff and Guy de Maupassant. Here there was no question of sympathy. The lady had immense resources of self-esteem that made her independent of any help of that kind. She was not one of the girls who throw themselves weeping at the feet of literary eminence. She singled out a distinguished man of letters and tried to fool him. Maupassant, as it chanced, had no vanity, and so he was not fooled. He suggested that his anonymous correspondent must be a college professor with a grown-up family, and no touch is so clever in anything Marie Bashkirtseff ever wrote as the coolness with which she hides her annoyance at this sally. Authors, as a rule, are not less vain than most men, and it is one of Maupassant's curious distinctions that his pessimism exempted him from the follies into which literary genius is usually betrayed in its correspondence with anonymous admirers. Marie Bashkirtseff chose the wrong man. I wonder if she would have had better luck with a popular novelist, one of whose heroines recounts with sparkling glee how she laid a trap for an illustrious comic singer, beguiled him to a place of meeting, and from the safe seclusion of her anonymity watched the ridiculous antics of his conquering expectancy.

To return for a moment to Mr. Gregory, I am surprised that so independent an observer is still under the fond old republican delusion that the crowned heads of Europe do nothing but enjoy themselves. Mr. Gregory found some royal persons at Monte Carlo, and upon this circumstance he bases the reflection that nothing is expected from the rulers of Europe except that they should draw their salaries and amuse themselves. How much amusement in life, I wonder, is there for the German Emperor, or the Czar, or the Emperor Francis Joseph, or the King of Italy, or the Queen-Regent of Spain? Every one of these potentates is constantly in the thick of public affairs. No President of the United States, I venture to suggest, ever worked harder than the Emperor William, or carried such a weight of responsibility, political and personal, as rests upon the Czar. Why cannot an American writer, who is so keen-sighted at home, come to Europe and pursue his philosophical reflections without falling into errors that recall the ineffable Jefferson Brick and the articles he wrote for the purpose of terrifying Queen Victoria in the Tower of London? "It has become a much more amusing thing to wear a crown than it was," says Mr. Gregory. "Shakespeare's line no longer fits the case." Dear me! And to think that in the lifetime of Mr. Gregory an Emperor, an Empress, and a King have been assassinated! Perhaps that was part of the royal amusement. To think that at this moment, in one empire, and two, if not three, kingdoms, the wearing of a crown is about the most hazardous business that a man can undertake!

"Eight hundred or more quite useless people," who "pass their lives in foreign watering-places, away from their homes and their duties"; this is Mr. Gregory's idea of European monarchies and their representatives. Do many travelled Americans cherish this antiquated superstition? I am no blind partisan of monarchy, which, in some forms, is medieval; but to say that the autocrat of Russia, for instance, is "quite useless," when the whole political and social system of Russia would be unthinkable without him, is to show a plentiful lack of knowledge. The livery of Mr. Gregory's page-boy may have been "quite useless," but there is still abundance of toil for the wearers of crowns.

The Lama of Tibet is not a sovereign who takes an active interest in the progress of the world. He has become so far aroused, however, as to send an embassy to Russia, where his representatives will probably hear of the invention of the steam-engine and other modern achievements. That the Lama should approach the Czar, and not the Indian Government in his sudden zeal for knowledge, is a score for Russian diplomacy.

CHINA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

The whole situation in China, military as well as political, may have been, probably has been, seriously modified by the immensely significant Anglo-German Agreement, the text of which was published at the beginning of this week. How far the maintenance of the policy of the Open Door, towards which the Agreement is mainly directed, will conduce to the future harmonious working of the Allied forces in their endeavours to restore order throughout China, it is impossible as yet to foresee. But there is grave cause for apprehension lest the further end and aim of the Agreement, the prevention, namely, of an attempt on the part of any individual Power to profit by the present complication to obtain for itself territorial advantages in Chinese dominions, may lead to serious military results. It is expressly stated that the clause in which this object is formulated has reference to Manchuria, and it will be surprising if Russia, in the end, consents to forego the virtual annexation of that province, which she has already accomplished. For the present she may be content to disguise her grip on the country by the fiction of merely guarding the railway extension to Port Arthur, but sooner or later this fiction must evaporate, and if Great Britain and Germany then proceed to call Russia to account, the consequences may be momentous. In the meantime, the Agreement has undoubtedly strengthened our position in the Far East, although it is yet to be proved that the advantages we have secured are in any way commensurate with those gained by Germany in a sphere in which her military strength is heavily discounted by her naval inferiority.

The movement on Pao-tung-fu, details of which were given last week, has been carried out with complete success, although the advance of the converging columns from Peking and Tientsin does not appear to have been—perhaps it was not intended to be—very accurately synchronised. In fact, when the advanced guard of the force from Peking entered Pao-tung-fu, they were surprised to find the city already in the hands of what is described as an "independent French column," which had occupied the place two days previously. It is probable that this independent column was the French battalion which left Tientsin a few days in advance of General Bailloud's force, in order to relieve some French priests shut in at Hi-sung-hsien. The British and German troops were naturally chagrined at finding themselves forestalled, but credit can hardly be withheld from the French for their smartness in getting so far ahead, and their gallant disregard of the risks attendant on such an enterprise.

Count von Waldersee has taken up his residence in Peking, and apparently has his hands full, not only of military schemes, but also of delicate negotiations, especially between the British owners of the Tientsin to Shan-hai-kwan Railway and the Russians, who, having occupied the stations along the line, are very loth to give them up. The "Boxers" are still in the neighbourhood of Peking, but a graver source of apprehension is the rebellion in the southern provinces, which is making great headway, and resembles the Taiping Rising in its political character and the fact that the missions are left unmolested.

SOUTH AFRICA.

It must be sorrowfully confessed that the Boer promise to give us a protracted and bitter taste of guerrilla warfare has been, and is being, fulfilled to the letter. During the past week some very serious instances have occurred of the trouble and loss which a victorious army can suffer at the hands of small marauding bands of a skilful, mobile, hardy, and utterly unscrupulous, even if beaten, enemy. It is inexpressibly sad that, after going through many months of constant and wearing anxiety on behalf of kinsmen and friends at the front, parents and others should now almost daily have to mourn fresh cases of killed and wounded in these ignoble *reguilles* of a great conflict. Nor does the trouble seem appreciably to diminish. On the contrary, in several quarters it has considerably increased, and the skilful collusion between the marauders and those who are now living ostensibly at peace with us continues to find new and alarming illustration. In these circumstances there is no course open to the authorities but one of drastic severity such as, however repugnant to British susceptibilities, is absolutely essential where wanton outrage is daily committed, and solemn oaths of neutrality almost hourly violated.

Details are now forthcoming of a serious attack upon Jagersfontein on the night of Oct. 16. The Boers managed to effect an entrance, aided by some of the townspeople, and in the morning a brisk fight ensued, in which we lost nine men killed and two wounded, the Boers being repulsed with a loss of twenty killed.

In addition to the marauding bands in the Orange River Colony, attacks are being made on our communications in the Transvaal, especially in the neighbourhood of Standerton. Boers who have come down from Lydenburg since Buller's operations in that region have been endeavouring to wreck the line, but so far with no great success, as the damage is always promptly repaired. De Wet is further south, terrorising the inhabitants of the small towns, and at Harrismith and other points the residents live in continual fear of an attack.

On the western border Methuen continues to do good and active work, having recently marched from Rustenburg to Zeeurust, which has been reconquered and left in charge of General Douglas. Nearly all the Generals appear to be fully occupied, and constant small engagements have of late been reported.

Two notable departures from South Africa have just taken place under very different circumstances. Fallen, discredited, and disgraced beyond redemption, ex-President Kruger has been hurried on board a Dutch cruiser to avoid being attacked by his enraged countrymen, and has sailed for Europe. Amid cheers and hearty acclamations of his great qualities as a gallant and indomitably persevering leader, Redvers Buller, too, has said good-bye to South Africa, and is on his way to receive at home a welcome very different from that which Mr. Kruger may or may not receive at the hands of a few pronounced Chauvinists at the French port which he has threatened to honour with a visit *en route*.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

There are hereditary honours even in the House of Commons. Mr. Edmund Haviland-Burke, for instance, has his best introduction to public life as the representative of Edmund Burke, whose grandnephew and heir-at-law, Mr. Aston Haviland-Burke, was the new member's grandfather. Mr. Haviland-Burke, whose father sat for the Christchurch Division of Hampshire, acted as war-correspondent to the *Manchester Guardian* during the Turko-Greek War of 1897, and has done some stiff electoral fighting on his own account in three contests before finishing the peace of an unopposed return in King's County.

Mr. James Hastings Duncan was born in Otley in 1855, is an advanced Liberal, a Congregationalist, a member of a large firm of worsted-spinners, and an Alderman of the West Riding County Council. The Saffron Walden Division of Essex has sent to Parliament the Hon. Armine Wodehouse, a son of the Earl of Kimberley. He is forty years of age, and has served as private secretary to his father both at the India and at the Foreign Office. He is a Commander of the Bath, and five years ago he tried, but without success, to enter Parliament for the Isle of Wight. Eleven years ago, Mr. Wodehouse married Eleanor, daughter of Mr. Matthew Arnold.

In Wales one of the surprises was the seating of Mr. Alfred Davies, by a majority of nearly eight hundred, to the upsetting of Sir J. Jenkins, the former Liberal Unionist member. The son of a Carmarthen Congregational minister, Mr. Alfred Davies had, however, the advantage of being London-born, and he was educated at Mill Hill School. He was a member of the first County Council, and he is one of the men of business whom the new Parliament has acquired, being himself head of the firm of Davies, Turner, and Co., international carriers, of London and New York. The Torquay Division of Devonshire is the scene of another Liberal win, for there Mr. F. Leyland Barratt, who contested the seat unsuccessfully in 1895, defeated on this occasion Mr. R. Rankin.

The Burton Division of Staffordshire, on the other hand, gave a Liberal seat over to a Liberal Unionist by an amazing majority of over two thousand. The figures are less baffling when it is added that Mr. Radcliff, besides being a prepossessing candidate, is a director of Bass's (Limited). He is a Major of Volunteers and a good sportsman. It is one of the little ironies of political life that the Liberal beaten by the brewer is Mr. J. E. Johnson-Ferguson, who had to leave his Loughborough seat because he was too much a friend of "the trade."

In the Fareham Division of Hampshire, Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Hamilton Lee had one of the monster majorities of the elections. He is a Hampshire man; he was born in 1868, and he went into the Royal Artillery. As Military Attaché at Washington he made many friends in the West, and added to the number of them when he accompanied the Headquarter Staff of the U.S. army during the Spanish-American War.

Of the two Nationalist gains in Dublin, one was not the result of any triangular fight. In 1895 Mr. Kenny, a Unionist, defeated the Parnellite, Colonel Plunkett (who has usefully employed the interval on his Botticelli book), by some five hundred votes. It is by nearly as large a number that Nationalist Mr. J. MacCann now defeats Conservative Mr. J. H. M. Campbell.

Mr. Crawford Smith, who had his victory over Mr. J. A. Pease in the Tyneside Division of Northumberland, was born fifty-four years ago in Glasgow, where he is a shipowner and magistrate. Mr. John Alexander Dewar, who won a seat for the Liberal Party by the defeat of the Mackintosh, is forty-four years of age, is a partner in a well-known firm of distillers, and has served as Lord Provost of Perth. The Loughborough Division of Leicestershire has been retained for the Liberals by Mr. Maurice Levy, who is a partner with Sir Israel Hart in the firm of Hart and Levy, manufacturers and merchants at Leicester. Mr. F. Whitley Thomson, who has defeated the Liberal Unionist member for the Skipton Division of Yorkshire, is a Halifax man and a partner in a firm of card-makers. He is a Congregationalist, and is particularly strong in his programme for technical education. In West Fife, Mr. John Deans Hope had the good luck to succeed to the safe seat valiantly vacated by Mr. A. Birrell, on electoral adventures bound. Mr. Hope, who had a majority of nearly 2000 over his opponent, is the son of a well-known agriculturist, is forty years of age, was educated at Edinburgh, and is a stockbroker. Mr. Robert Hunter Craig, who enters Parliament as member of the Govan Division of Lanarkshire at the age of sixty-one, was educated at Partick, his birthplace, and at Glasgow, and is a commission merchant and director of insurance companies.

Mr. James Tomkinson is another new member of three-score years, though it is not his fault that he did not enter the House long ago. He has fought and lost three elections in the past, but now represents the Crews Division of Cheshire by a majority of over a thousand. A son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Tomkinson, he was educated at Rugby and Balliol, is a Lieutenant-Colonel of Yeomanry, and has served as High Sheriff of Cheshire, in which county he has extensive property. Colonel Francis Alfred Lucas, who has increased the already large Conservative majority in the Lowestoft Division of Suffolk, is fifty years old, a Volunteer, and a son-in-law of Viscount Stern. Mr. Luke White, who is returned for the Buckrose Division of Yorkshire, has the most stable of constituencies, for it returned him by a majority of 91, and his Liberal predecessor in 1895 by a majority of 90.

The Hon. Edward Algernon Fitzroy, who sits for South Northamptonshire, is the younger brother and present heir presumptive of Lord Southampton. He has held a commission in the 1st Life Guards, and been a Page of Honour to the Queen. Mr. John Michael Fleetwood Fuller, who has won the Westbury Division of Wiltshire for his party by a Liberal majority of 559, is thirty-six years of age, the eldest son of Mr. Fuller of Neston Park, and a Captain of Wilts Yeomanry. He was educated at Winchester and

Christ Church, and he married, two years ago, a daughter of Mr. C. N. P. Phipps. Mr. William Henry Grenfell's huge majority in the Wycombe Division of Bucks will gratify boating men who are not Conservatives. Mr. Grenfell once sat as a Liberal for Salisbury, where he was defeated on taking office as Parliamentary Groom-in-Waiting on the Queen. Electoral adventures elsewhere have landed him at last as a Conservative member. He is an athlete, a coach of the Oxford crew (in which he rowed for three years), a bi-metallist, an ex-mayor, a Rocky Mountain hunter. Moreover, he twice swam across Niagara.

Mr. Alexander William Black is a Writer to the Signet, and forty-one years of age. Mr. J. Campbell represents South Armagh as an Independent Nationalist; and from North Down Mr. Thomas Lorimer Corbett comes new to Parliament, but as no stranger to London, where his work on the London County Council has been highly approved. Mr. Charles Eric Hambro is well known in the City as a director of the Royal Exchange Assurance. Mr. Horace Rendell Mansfield, who has carried the Spalding Division of Lincolnshire, is thirty-seven years of age, a manufacturer, and a Primitive Methodist.

MUSIC.

The musical world is beginning to show signs of activity. Mr. Newman's Symphony Concerts have been announced to be given alternately at the Queen's Hall and the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoons, conducted by Mr. Henry Wood, assisted by artists of the high artistic reputation of Lady Hallé, Mons. Ysaye, Signor Busoni, and Madame Blanche Marchesi. Mr. Robert Newman has also arranged three Ysaye concerts, the last one being a violin recital. At the two preceding ones Mons. Ysaye, of whose baton the Belgians, his countrymen, think as highly as of his violin, will conduct. The Sunday concerts at Queen's Hall have already started their autumn season with a commendable programme devoted to Berlioz's "Faust," a symphony of Beethoven, a capriccio of Tchaikowsky, and the Shepherd's Air from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde."

It seems a far cry from a large orchestral concert to the delicate academic charm of a string quartet, but there was a chance of hearing a beautiful one at the twelfth concert of the Hampstead Conservatoire, where the Kruse Quartet's programme had two quartets: one for the strings, by E. d'Albert, with M. Johann Kruse, M. Charles Schilsky, M. Emil Ferir, and Mr. Herbert Walenn. The second half of the programme was Brahms's Quartet in G Minor, in which M. Charles Schilsky made place for Miss Fanny Davies, who played the pianoforte part. The keenest and most critical lover of chamber-music must have been satisfied by the balance and excellence of work.

When Madame Patti sings at the Albert Hall there are certain traditions never to be departed from. There is her faultless voice, unmarred by time; there is her gracious encore, "Home, Sweet Home"; there is the support of her oldest musical friends, Mr. Santley and Mr. Ganz, her accompanist; there is the large audience, with its shameless abandonment of greed to force from her a double encore; lastly, there is a brilliant setting to Madame Patti in the younger and promising talent of "the measure heaped up and overflowing." Among these was Miss Gertrude Calvert, whose voice, with its beautiful rounded notes, had that crowning gift of a clearness of intonation, when every syllable of Charles Kingsley's song, "Lorraine Lorraine Lorraine," could be distinguished across the large arena of the Albert Hall.

At the Promenade Concerts (by special desire) there was given the No. 5 Symphony of Tchaikowsky. It is built up on two Polish folk-songs, is written in E Minor, and has the haunting melancholy that is so characteristic both of the subject-matter and of the composer. The death-song and the love-song of serious character are worked upon and developed into a brilliant waltz that takes the place of the conventional scherzo now in the triumphant march that opens out the finale. In the undercurrent of morbidity, to which is superimposed a spurious gaiety, there seems an analogy to Tchaikowsky's life. For this actual symphony failed to please or interest the first audience, when he himself conducted; and it was only some years later that, under Nikisch's baton, it was given its due appreciation. On Oct. 17 a fever-heat of enthusiasm was reached, and Mr. Wood's orchestra can need no further commendation. Among several other works of Tchaikowsky was also given his Fantaisie of "Francesca de Rimini."

MOUNDS AT AUCHINGAICH GLEN.

We are requested to publish the following letter relating to our illustrated article on Antiquarian Discovery in Dumbartonshire—

Sir,—I shall feel obliged by your inserting the following remarks upon the representation of these mounds, given in your issue of Oct. 13 (p. 557). As mentioned in the written description at p. 517, I lately visited the place, and the appearance it presented to my eyes differs in a marked degree from the scene portrayed in your Journal. In no instance did I see a covered mound; but merely the earthen (sometimes stone-lined) walls of structures, usually circular in outline, which, like Mr. Donnelly, I assume to have been dwellings. Nor did I see a single instance of a lintel, or any other covering, over the narrow little doorways of the structures. It is unnecessary for me to go further into detail in this place, but those who care about such matters will find a short account of my impression of these remains in the forthcoming December number of the *Antiquary* (Elliot Stock).

My apology for troubling you with these comments is that, owing to the reference made to me in your paper of Oct. 13, it might seem to others that I fully concurred in the pictorial representation there given. No doubt an object may appear to one person somewhat different from what it appears to another, especially when drawn from memory; but in this instance my recollection of these structures varies in such a remarkable degree from Mr. Donnelly's that I feel constrained to record my dissent in your pages.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

Edinburgh, Oct. 17, 1900.

DAVID MACRITCHIE.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE NOBLE LORD," AT THE CRITERION.

The joke that fell flat is a sufficiently apt description of Captain Marshall's would-be political skit, "The Noble Lord." Just a superficial outline of the new Criterion "farical comedy" might seem to promise a vastly amusing entertainment, and evidently its author had the most laudable intentions of diverting his audience. When a Premier, his Opposition rival, and an Irish leader are shown all wooing a lovely young peeress, and all accepted in turn, as they are supposed to endorse her strong feminist views or to support a certain Woman's Rights Bill that is before Parliament, there would appear every reason for anticipating from such a scheme screamingly laughable complications. But Captain Marshall unfortunately exhausts all his fun in conceiving his initial idea, and his manipulation of it is merely dull and tiresome. For one act, perhaps, the mechanical humours of a series of proposals and betrothals are tolerably acceptable, but when, in the next act, the old game proceeds on identically the same lines, varied only by a silly misuse of the public telephone, and when the third act proves but a reduplication of either of its predecessors, partially redeemed by a burlesque representation of the now familiar Scotch wedding, playgoers are not to be blamed if they reveal by yawns their grievous disappointment. Curiously enough, too, though a first-rate company has been engaged for the production, including such clever players as Mr. Bouchier, Mr. Giddens, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, Mrs. Calvert, and Miss Annie Hughes, "The Noble Lord's" interpreters did the play a disservice on the "first night," and spoilt even its small chances by adopting the methods of quiet, slow comedy instead of those of riotous, breathless farce.

BRIGHTON.—"Pullman Limited" in 60 Minutes from VICTORIA 11 a.m. EVERY SUNDAY. Book in advance at Victoria, or City Office, 2, Arthur Street, East, as the number of seats cannot be increased. First class and Pullman Train at 11.5 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and East Croydon. Day Return Tickets, Pullman Car, 12s.; First Class, 10s.

WEEK-END TICKETS to all Places on the South Coast from London and Salisbury Stations, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Full particulars of Superintendence of the Line, L. B. & S. C. Ry., London, Bridge Terminus.

ROYAL BRITISH MAIL ROUTE

VIA HARWICH - HOOK OF HOLLAND. DAILY (Sundays included) SERVICE TO THE CONTINENT. QUICKEST ROUTE TO HOLLAND AND CHEAPEST TO GERMANY. RESTAURANT CARS AND THROUGH CARRIAGES to and from the Hook.

HARWICH-ANTWERP ROUTE. For BRUSSELS, &c., every Week-day.

Combination Tickets (Round-trip System). Cheap Through Tickets and Tours to nearly all parts of the Continent. From London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m., for the Hook of Holland, and at 8.40 p.m. for Antwerp. Direct service to Harwich, from Scotland, the North and Midlands. Restaurant Car between York and Harwich.

The Great Eastern Railway Company's Steamers are steel twin-screw vessels, lighted throughout by electricity, and sail under the British Flag. HAMBURG, via Harwich by G.S.N. Co.'s S.S. Wednesday and Saturday. Particulars of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

CHRISTMAS IN NAZARETH.

GAZE'S SELECT ORIENTAL TOUR. (Illustrated Descriptive Programme circular.) embracing ITALY, EGYPT, PALESTINE, TURKEY, GREECE. (Starting from London Nov. 14.)

HENRY GAZE AND SONS, 21, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, 126, PICCADILLY, 12, WESTBOURNE GROVE, 32, STRAND, LONDON.

P. & O. COMPANY'S INDIA, CHINA, and AUSTRALIAN MAIL SERVICES.

P. & O. FREQUENT SAILINGS TO GIBRALTAR, MARSHALLS, MALTA, EGYPT, ADEN, BOMBAY, KURACHIE, CALCUTTA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, and NEW ZEALAND.

P. & O. CHEAP RETURN TICKETS and ROUND THE WORLD TOURS.—For particulars apply at the London Offices, 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C.

WINTER IN THE WEST INDIES.

SPECIAL TOURS. SIXTY-FIVE DAYS for £65, by Magnificent Vessels of the ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY. For Particulars apply—18, Moorgate Street, or 25, Cockspur Street (West End), London.

CANARY ISLANDS.—LAS PALMAS.

SANTA CATALINA HOTEL, under New English Management. In the midst of its own beautiful gardens facing the Sea, English Physician and Trained Nurse resident. English Church. Golf, Tennis, Cycling. THE CANARY ISLANDS CO., Limited, 1, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

For NOVEMBER. PRICE ONE SHILLING.

CONTENTS.—IN THE EARLY PORTIES. By George M. Smith. PASTIES FROM SPAIN. VII.—SAN ILDEFONSO. By Mrs. Margaret L. Woods. THE LIEUTENANT'S HEROINE. By George Calderon. SANSFIEF. By E. Barry O'Brien. SANSFISHING MEMOIRS. By F. G. O'Brien. THE WOODING OF EMILY JANE. By Miss Eleanor G. Haydon.

THE GREAT FUR COMPANY TO-DAY. By Jockie Wilson. OF SOME OF THE CAUSES WHICH LED TO THE SIEGE OF THE FOREIGN LEGATIONS AT Peking. By the Rev. Roland Allen. A GREAT CHINESE SATRAP. By Leonard Henry. FRENCH WIT IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By S. O. Tallentyre. THE GLADE IN THE FOREST. By Stephen Gwynn, Chapters I. and II.

London: SMITH, REEDER and Co., 15, Waterloo Place.

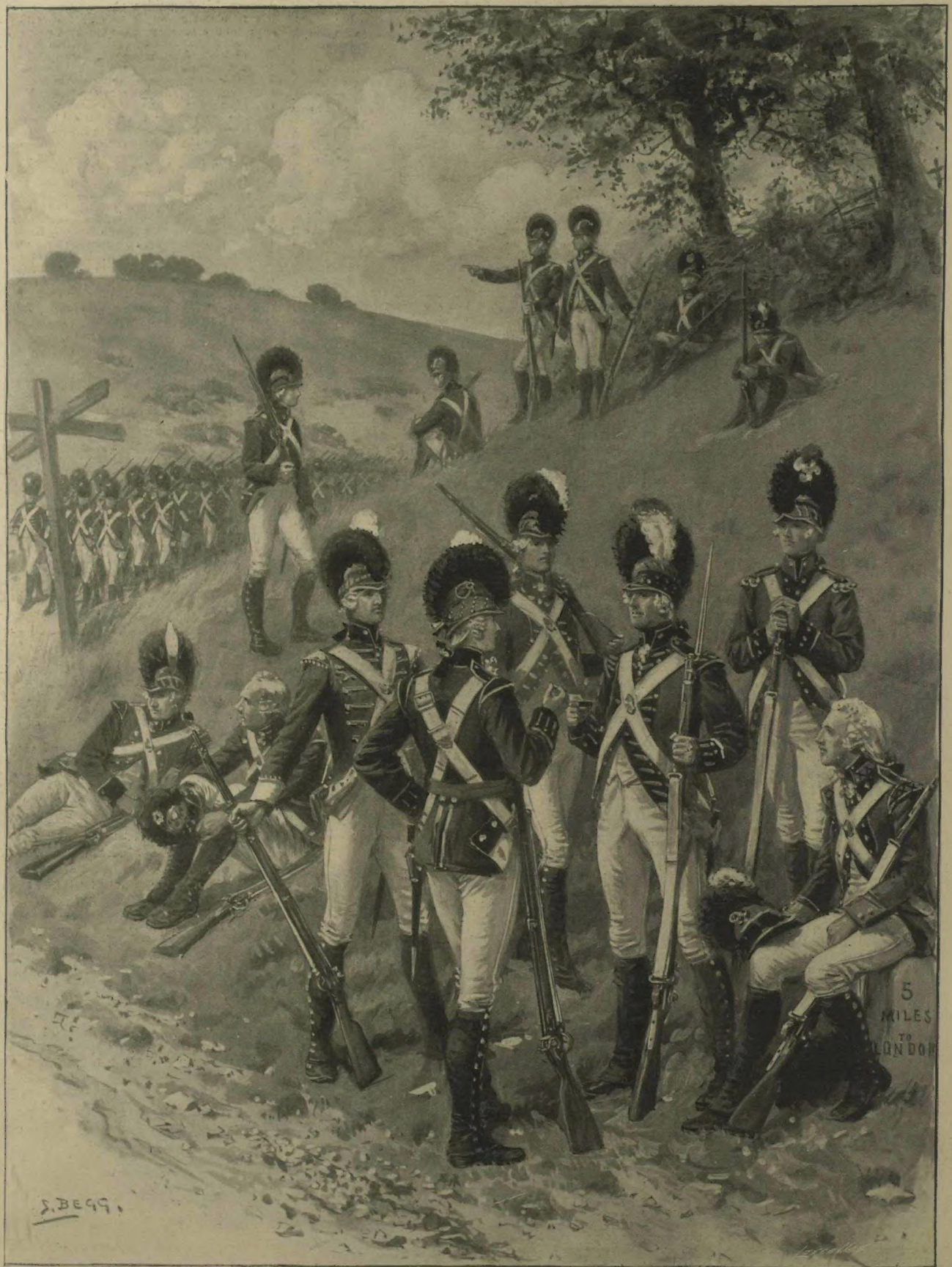
DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—Managing-Director, Arthur Collins. Every Evening, at 7.45, "THE PRICE OF PEACE" by Cecil Raleigh, with Powerful Cast. Matinee every Wednesday and Saturday; also Thursday, Nov. 1 and 15, at 1.45. Box-Office now open.

THE LONDON HIPPODROME

CARDUEN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C. Managing Director, MR. H. E. MOSS. TWICE DAILY at 2 and 8 p.m. AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXCELLED BRILLIANCE.

MOHAWK AND MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS

AT ST. JAMES'S HALL ONLY. Thursday Matinee added in consequence of success. Two Shows a Week: Six Nights a Week. Four Matinees at 2 (Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday). Prices, 3s., 2s., 1s. Tickets—Whitfield's, St. James's.



CITIZEN SOLDIERS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: THE LOYAL ASSOCIATED WARD VOLUNTEER CORPS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

—Drawn by S. Begg.



THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE HOLY YEAR: PILGRIMS AT THE SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY AT POMPEII.

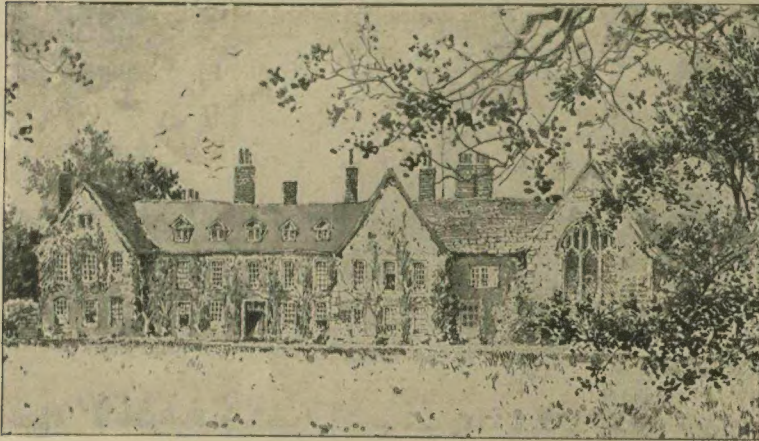
Drawn by G. D'Amato.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS.

BY COLONEL SIR HOWARD VINCENT, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.P.

The Illustrated London News of July 8, 1899, gave an elaborate account of the Volunteer Centenary, celebrated on that day by the great parade of Metropolitan Volunteers before H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on behalf of Her Majesty the Queen. Twenty-six thousand defied upon

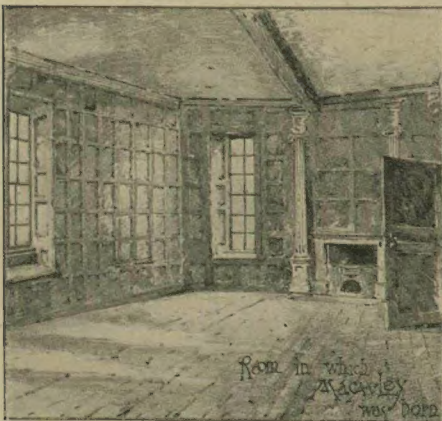


THE MACAULAY CENTENARY: ROTHLEY TEMPLE, LEICESTERSHIRE, THE HISTORIAN'S BIRTHPLACE.

the Horse Guards Parade in less than two hours, and his Royal Highness, in expressing "the great gratification afforded him by the review," and "his high appreciation of the soldierlike bearing and appearance of all ranks," endorsed the verdict of all who were present.

We said: "The Volunteers have infused their own military and patriotic spirit into the nation. They have popularised the Army. A million of them have carried loyalty and discipline to the people, and are teaching to their children pride of country, pride of Empire, love for the Queen." That we repeat. The absolute truth of these words has been singularly exemplified in the past ten months in more ways than one.

Saturday, Oct. 27, 1900, sees London again *en fête*. Again Volunteers are the heroes of the hour. Again twenty-five thousand are in the streets between Paddington and St. Paul's Cathedral. But the great mass of them only line either side the roadway. The doiling body is but representative of the whole—the C.I.V., or City Imperial Volunteers. Their comrades have turned out to do them honour. The City and Metropolis are here to greet them. They come back from the war in South Africa rich in honour, the pride of London, the admiration of the nation. Ten months ago they were formed on the proposal of the Lord Mayor of London to the military authorities. The Boer War had dispelled all the anti-patriotic forces in Pall Mall and elsewhere as to its easy course. Stubborn resistance robbed successes of all completeness. The tale of killed and wounded was heavy. At three distinct and far distant points hazardous attack had been followed by repulse and failure.



THE MACAULAY CENTENARY: ROOM AT ROTHLEY TEMPLE IN WHICH LORD MACAULAY WAS BORN, OCT. 25, 1800.

Many had fallen. There must be immediate reinforcement of the fighting lines. What was anticipated only as possible in the event of invasion became the sole alternative. The Regular Army had to look to its auxiliaries, and especially to the Volunteers. The feeling above referred to as implanted by them alone kept the nation cool, calm, and confident in the moment of trial.

There was no longer callous indifference to offers long forthcoming from officers of Volunteers having authority to speak. The City of London made its proposal at the critical moment. On Dec. 20, 1899, it offered "to equip and transport to the seat of war in South Africa a regiment of Volunteer marksmen, 1000 strong, within twenty-one days, with transport and all details complete." The Corporation voted £25,000 for the purpose, an amount quadrupled within a few days by the liberality of the

Livery Companies, and of the principal bankers and merchants. The offer was at once accepted, and the name of "The City of London Imperial Volunteers" suggested. At the same time the Secretary of State for War notified with appropriate acknowledgment that, "with this exception, it was not proposed to employ Volunteers as separate units in the field, but that the arrangement sanctioned included the formation of a company of Volunteers for duty with each line battalion in South Africa, the intention being that each Volunteer battalion or corps should contribute its quota in this way to the line battalion to which it was affiliated, and thus more fully utilise the resources of the Volunteer force, and tend to strengthen the good feeling already existing between the Regular and Volunteer battalions of the territorial regiments."

On the same evening that the official authority was received at the Mansion House, a letter was sent by the Lord Mayor to forty-two regiments of Metropolitan Volunteers selected by the Commander-in-Chief, inviting them each to submit the names of one officer and not exceeding forty non-commissioned officers and men, between twenty and thirty years of age, bachelors, of the same physique required for the Army, first-class shots, efficient for at least two years, and prepared to leave for South Africa in fifteen days. It was notified that the enlistment would be for the campaign or one year, with pay and allowances on the same scale as the Regular forces, outfit and equipment being provided without cost to the State, as well as transport to South Africa. It was subsequently decided that the corps should consist of about 1600 of all ranks, divided into—

A four-gun battery of Vickers-Maxim 12½-pounder quick-firing guns.

Two companies of mounted infantry.

A battalion of full war strength, or 1048.

On New Year's Day 1900 the first detachments were sworn in at the Guildhall by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs. The Mansion House was almost handed over to the regiment by the Lady Mayoress, and for upwards of a month it was the scene of the greatest activity. The entire equipment had to be selected and ordered, as well as stores for the officers' messes and the canteens, tentage, blankets, transport-carts, harness, entrenching tools, and cooking apparatus. There was little time for consideration, and it would be too much to say that, despite the excellent arrangements of Colonel Boxall and Captain Grantham, there was no confusion. But, by the greatest pressure, the mounted infantry, under Colonel Cholmondeley (London Rifle Brigade), sailed upon Jan. 13, and in three days over a month from then it took the leading part in the capture of Jacobsdal—7000 miles away.

On Jan. 20, 820 officers and men sailed under Colonel MacKinnon, the Commandant of the regiment, the Earl of Albemarle (Civil Service Rifles) commanding the infantry, and Captain the Hon. J. Russell Bailey, the Adjutant. They were followed on Jan. 29 by 143 officers and men under Major Pawle (18th Middlesex), and by the battery, under Major McMicking (Honourable Artillery Company), on Feb. 3. By Feb. 24 all the infantry had arrived at Orange River. There they remained until early in April, with the exception of two companies, who were detailed to the Prieska column. The time was not only occupied with constant outpost duty, but also in valuable training. The next move was to Naauwpoort for a week's musketry, and then commenced the trying marches which have earned for the C.I.V. such fame. As far as Springfontein they were taken in coal-trucks, but thence, after five days' halt, they marched the whole way to Pretoria. After arrival at Bloemfontein on April 23 the battalion joined the 21st Brigade, under General Bruce Hamilton, at Glen. The other regiments were the Cameron Highlanders, the Sussex, and the Derbyshire. On April 29 the general advance commenced with a small skirmish at Shantzkrail, and a march of twenty-one miles to Houtnek to effect a junction with General Ian Hamilton's Division. On May 4 there was a small action at Jaibosch Spruit. Next day Winburg was occupied. But it was not until May 10 that the greater part of the battalion came under fire in crossing the Sand River.

(To be continued.)

DISTURBED CHINA.

The crisis in China, the longest crisis on modern record, is over at last. The 'Anglo-German Agreement has, by common consent, given it its last blow. Not that China is yet at rest. "Disturbed China" is a standing headline likely to be long in use. All the same, we are not now in China as we were in August, when Mr. Schönberg made the drawings which appear in our pages to-day. The

exhilaration—and more—that followed on the relief of Peking has now had time to pass off. Our countrymen and, above all, our countrywomen in that city no longer run about "asking each other foolish questions" in the extremity of their joy. On the contrary, Sir Claude MacDonald now calmly says good-bye to the scenes of a siege that will, perhaps, contribute to history as enthralling a page as that supplied by any episode of the war in South Africa. If South Africa has overshadowed, at times almost eclipsed, China during the past months, the reason is not far to seek. The heart of a country goes out to its treasure of manhood; and where nearly a quarter of a million representatives of a nation are fighting for it, thither will its absorbing interest follow them. In China we have great concerns, but a little army; but in such cases men and not measures supply the touchstone. When the personal factor gives place to impersonal history, the proportions of things will have some shifting; and the arrival of Sir Ernest Satow in Peking this week with his body-guard of the Australian contingent, to displace Sir Claude MacDonald, will rank as a memorable episode in a great drama.

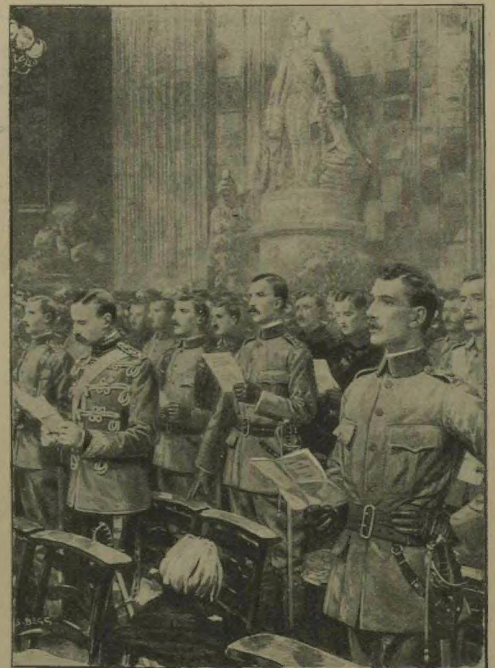
One of her ancient sages foretold that China would be destroyed by a woman. That, of course, sounds a tolerably casual prediction, not without ancient echoes of Eden. But it was recalled during the month of August—the month of our Illustrations—by Dr. Morrison in Peking, and pinned on to the Dowager-Empress.

THE MACAULAY CENTENARY.

Oct. 25, 1900, marks the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Babington Macaulay. The future historian was born on a remarkable day for England, for Oct. 25 was already famous as the birthday of Chaucer and the battle-day of Agincourt. Lord Macaulay first saw the light at Rothley Temple, the Leicestershire home of the Babingtons. "There," as Sir George Trevelyan records, "in a room panelled from ceiling to floor, like every corner of the ancient mansion, with oak almost black from age, looking eastward across the park, and southward through an ivy-shaded window into a little garden, Lord Macaulay was born." From that picturesque seat of his kindred, the historian, on being raised to the peerage, took his territorial designation. Rothley Temple was formerly the property of the Harcourts, then a Preceptory of the Knights Templars, and at the dissolution of the monasteries passed into the hands of the Babingtons.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO POMPEII.

This year, many devotees who go to Rome for the pilgrimage of the Holy Door visit also the Valley of Pompeii to worship at the Shrine of Our Lady of the Rosary. The sacred picture there was brought from Naples to the little Chapel in the Valley of Pompeii in November 1879 by a cart of Scafati; but when it was unloaded from a manure-cart, the onlookers were so disappointed by its crudity that they would not kneel. After seventeen years, the picture was retouched by the artist Maldarelli, and placed upon a throne of bronze, marble, and gold. From that time it has enjoyed especial sanctity, and many miracles are attributed to it. The Pope has taken the sanctuary under his patronage, and has called it the Apostolic Church of the Rosary. In the chapel many interesting scenes may be witnessed as the pilgrims bring their votive offerings.



"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT."

A Small Reproduction from the Original Drawing by Mr. S. Degg, Sketched at St. Paul's last January.

In view of the return of the C.I.V., we propose to publish at the end of October a popular edition of the Photogravure "Fight the Good Fight," representing the farewell service at St. Paul's attended by the C.I.V. before their departure for South Africa. The reproduction, beautifully printed on India paper, will measure (including the mount) 18 by 24 inches. The price will be five shillings, and a few artist's proofs will also be issued at half-price: per post, one shilling extra. Orders are now being received at the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, and at all newsagents and bookstalls. We have pleasure in informing subscribers to the photogravure of "The Queen's Garden Party," that they will receive their copies about the middle of November.

PERSONAL.

Duke Henry Vladimir Albert Ernest of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who is to marry the Queen



THE GRAND DUKE OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.
Betrothed to the Queen of Holland.

and here again Germany, sustaining her own gaiety, contributes to the gloom of other nations.

Why do the London medical students rage against Dr. Alexander Dowie, "faith-healer," and get themselves fined by a magistrate for riotous behaviour? The medical student was once supposed to have a sense of humour. He must have lost it. There is neither sense nor humour in assaulting a lecturer who professes to be able to teach us how to do without doctors. Dr. Dowie says the students are afraid of his influence, and silly as this opinion is, it is not so silly as their behaviour.

When Prince Hohenlohe accepted the Chancellorship of the German Empire, there were many people who regarded the post as one of short and doubtful tenure for anyone who was not—and he was not—a mere shadow of the Emperor. The Prince himself had his doubts and fears. "Do not congratulate me too much," he said to somebody. "The burden I have accepted is a very heavy one for the shoulders of a man of my age." Count von Caprivi, from his retirement, looked dubiously on; and before his death confessed he had not thought it possible that Prince Hohenlohe could hold his ground so long. Now that he leaves it, he leaves it of his own motion, taking with him into retirement the regrets and the benediction of the Emperor. "I have acceded with a heavy heart to your request to be relieved of your duties." So his Majesty confesses; and there is no reason to suppose that he uses idle words.

Miss Mario Corelli has, for once, made a protest that has some reason in it. Why should the bust of Helen Faucit be placed in the chancel of the church of Stratford-on-Avon, confronting the tomb of Shakspeare? The Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon opposed the project, but was overruled by his Bishop. He opposed it on the ground that such a position of honour for a memorial of Lady Martin was out of all proportion to her merits, considerable as they were. In this judgment the vicar and Miss Corelli will be sustained by all reasonable people.

Sir Richard Dickeson, after a long illness, died in London from the shock following the amputation of his foot. Sir Richard, who had held the Mayoralty of Dover many times in succession, and who was knighted in that connection sixteen years ago, was born in 1823. He was the head of the firm of Messrs. Richard Dickeson and Co., Contractors, of London, Dover, Aldershot, Plymouth, Dublin, and, last in the date of its depôt's foundation, Pretoria. Sir Richard Dickeson was twice married, first to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. John Reynolds, of Dover; and secondly to Eliza, daughter of Mr. W. Garwood, of Bromley.

The Marchioness of Bute, accompanied by her daughter and by one of her sons, has set out from Scotland on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, bearing thither the heart of the

late Marquis. A descendant of Robert the Bruce, Lord Bute inherited, besides much wealth from his ancestors, the wish of some of the ancients among them to give their hearts to the Mount of Olives. It is one more proof that the medieval idea of the heart as something much more than the mere mechanical servant of the brain and the nerves survives the sentence of science.

Mr. Kruger has sailed for Europe in the Dutch cruiser *Gelderland*, and his sympathisers in France and Belgium are preparing to give him an enthusiastic welcome. The Belgian Government, however, regard his coming with so much disfavour that it is doubtful now whether he will take up his residence near Brussels. His French admirers are inspired by M. Rochefort, who cares nothing about Mr. Kruger, and a great deal about any opportunity of embarrassing the French Government.

The Crown Prince of Sweden, Gustavus Oscar Adolphus, Duke of Vermeland, who has just been

appointed Regent of Sweden and Norway during the serious illness of his father, Oscar II., is one of the most able and most studious of future kings. He is not as fond of travelling as are most modern royalties, and he spends his life between his palace in Stockholm and his country castle of Tullgarn. The Crown Prince, who was forty-two last June, married at the age of twenty-three Princess Victoria of Baden, the granddaughter of William I., and the only child of the late Emperor Frederick's sister. The Crown Princess is, unfortunately, delicate, and is always compelled to winter in a warm climate. She is, however, very popular in Sweden, and her three sons, aged respectively eighteen, sixteen, and eleven, are being educated strictly with a view to their future position and duties. The new Regent has always taken a strong line with regard to the smouldering jealousies existing between Sweden and Norway, and some years ago he refused to draw the allowance which the Norwegians were reluctantly prepared to grant him as heir-apparent.

Speaking at a temperance meeting in Oxford, the Archbishop of Canterbury made the interesting statement that the decline of the hard drinking at the University was due to Mr. Gladstone's influence before he left college. The wine parties were still potent enough to be fatal to the academic career of Mr. Arthur Pendennis, but they lost their sovereignty over the undergraduate.

The rumours of Cabinet changes make Lord Cromer the next Viceroy of India. Lord Curzon leader of the House of Commons, Mr. Arthur Balfour a peer and Foreign Secretary, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh Secretary for War. Some of these appointments would be rather startling were they not confined to the newspapers.

It is with the deepest regret that *The Illustrated London News* has to record the death of Mr. William Luson



THE LATE MR. W. LUSON THOMAS,
Founder of the *Graphic*.

illustrator. Travel in America and Italy put the copestone to the artistic education of the brothers, and for some time Mr. W. L. Thomas was head of a large engraving establishment, in which the illustrations to many standard works were executed. For a considerable time, Mr. Thomas was associated with *The Illustrated London News*, into competition with which he entered in 1870, when he started the *Graphic*, which very soon obtained the high reputation it has ever since enjoyed. He brought to his work a fine artistic judgment and skill. He practised painting, and was in former years a well-known exhibitor, the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours conferring upon him a full membership. For many years he had cherished the idea of the *Daily Graphic*, and at last, when he was sixty years of age, Mr. Thomas embarked on the venture, which has also been attended with success. Mr. Thomas, who was a man of great kindness of nature, is mourned by a wide circle of friends.

Lord Rosebery is about to make another appeal to the public, not in the capacity of a statesman, but in that of a man of letters. While Mr. Morley has been writing his "Cromwell" and his *Life of Gladstone*, Lord Rosebery

has been at work on Napoleon. It should make an interesting companion volume to his "Pitt."

Prominent among the unreturning brave, whose memory will temper the festivity of the City Imperial Volunteers today, is Lieutenant W. B. L. Alt, who fell in the fighting round Pretoria on June 12. Lieutenant Alt, who was twenty-two years of age, was the son of Colonel W. J. Alt, V.D., commanding the 22nd Middlesex Volunteers, to which corps, indeed, his son was attached. The deceased was one of the youngest officers of the corps, and was the first and only officer of the regiment to lose his life in the war now drawing to a close. In virtue of his enrolment in the C.I.V., Lieutenant Alt held the temporary rank of Lieutenant in the Regular Army.



Photo. Le Monnier and Kerball.
LIEUTENANT W. B. L. ALT, 22ND MIDDLESEX,
The Only C.I.V. Officer Killed.

An appeal is made to the Municipality of Dover to remove the unsightly advertisements of some American food product that greet the eye of the voyager as he approaches the white cliffs of Old England. If the municipality can do nothing, what if the advertisements were to disappear mysteriously in the night? This might be a violation of the rights of property, but even the rights of property are not always paramount.

Lieutenant Arthur Cole Lowry, R.N., of H.M.S. *Empress of India*, has found another opportunity for



Photo. Hermann Ernst.
LIEUTENANT A. C. LOWRY, R.N.,
Medallist of the Royal Humane Society.

exercising the courage which has made his name and the name of other members of his family famous in the annals of the Royal Humane Society. In the Grecian Archipelago those on board the *Empress of India* saw, one night, that rockets were being fired by some ship in distress. A drifting steamer was then discovered, but could not be taken in tow owing to the bad weather. Most of its crew tried to reach the man-of-war in two boats, but were all drowned. Lieutenant Lowry then swam to the steamer with a life-buoy and a line, which unhappily were lost, leaving the Lieutenant on the wreck all night, when the *Empress of India* was able to rescue him and the other survivors. Lieutenant Lowry is a son of General Lowry, C.B., and one of his brothers—who also has won the medal for saving life at sea—is serving as Flag-Captain on the *Ramillies*, under Lord Charles Beresford.

Senator John Sherman, who is just dead, was the brother of General Sherman, whose famous march through Georgia shattered the Southern Confederacy. John Sherman had been Secretary of the United States Treasury, and in 1897 he was appointed by Mr. McKinley Secretary of State, but resigned on the eve of the troubles with Spain. He was a man of high character and considerable ability.

The Right Hon. Sir John Hay Athole Macdonald, who has just been given his K.C.B., has had a career of very varied activities. He was born in Edinburgh in 1836, educated at the University of his native city and at Basle; and became, in succession, an advocate, a Q.C., Sheriff of Ross, Sutherland, and Perthshire, Commissioner of Northern Light-houses, member of H.M. Prisons Board, Solicitor-General for Scotland, Lord Advocate of Scotland, Privy Councillor and member of the Committee of Privy Council on Education, Chairman of Royal Commission on Boundaries of Glasgow, member for Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews, Colonel Commandant of Queen's R.V. Brigade, Adjutant-General of the Royal Bodyguard, Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, and Brigadier-General of the Forth Brigade.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR J. H. A. MACDONALD,
Created K.C.B.

MEMBERS WHO DID NOT SIT IN THE LAST PARLIAMENT



Photo. Lambert Weston.
MR. J. H. DUNCAN (L.), OTLEY, YORKSHIRE.
Majority 580.



Photo. Spack.
MR. J. H. DEWAR (L.), INVERNESS-SHIRE.
Majority 301.



Photo. O. Davis.
MR. J. D. HOPE (L.), WEST FIFE.
Majority 1978.



Photo. Russell.
MR. T. L. CORBETT (C.), NORTH DOWN.
Majority 1263.



MR. H. BURKE (N.), KING'S COUNTY,
TULLAMORE.
Unopposed.



Photo. Crooke.
MR. A. W. BLACK (L.), BANFFSHIRE.
Majority 298.



Photo. Russell.
MR. C. E. HAMBRO (C.), WIMBLEDON,
SURREY.
Unopposed.



Photo. Ellis.
MR. R. F. RATCLIFFE (U.), BURTON, STAFFS.
Majority 2171.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. W. H. GRENFELL (C.), WYCOMBE,
BUCKS.
Majority 2529.



Photo. Burton.
MR. M. LEVY (L.), LOUGHBOROUGH,
LEICESTER.
Majority 67.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
HON. A. WODEHOUSE (L.), SAFFRON
WALDEN.
Majority 110.



Photo. Russell.
LIEUT.-COLONEL LEE (C.), SOUTH HANTS.
Majority 3467.



Photo. Bampton.
COLONEL F. LUCAS (C.), LOWESTOFT,
SUFFOLK.
Majority 1729.



Photo. Jones.
MR. H. C. SMITH (U.), TYNESIDE,
NORTHUMBERLAND.
Majority 363.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. H. MANSFIELD (L.), SPALDING.
Majority 57.



Photo. Warnock.
MR. R. H. CRAIG (L.), GOVAN,
LANARKSHIRE.
Majority 164.



Photo. Montague.
MR. A. DAVIES (L.), CARMARTHEN.
Majority 700.

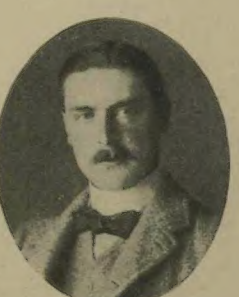


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
HON. E. A. FITZROY (C.), SOUTH
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.
Majority 1008.



Photo. Co.
MR. J. TOMKINSON (L.), CREWE, CHESHIRE.
Majority 1199.



MR. F. W. THOMSON (L.), SKIPTON, YORKS.
Majority 132.



Photo. Artists' Association.
MR. J. CAMPBELL (L.N.), SOUTH ARMAGH.
Majority 385.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. LUKE WHITE (L.), BUCKROSE, YORKS.
Majority 91.



Photo. Hunt & Co.
MR. J. M. F. FULLER (L.), WESTBURY,
WILTS.
Majority 669.



Photo. Dabham.
MR. F. L. BARRATT (L.), TORQUAY.
Majority 129.



Photo. Lafayette.
MR. J. MCCANN (N.), STEPHEN'S GREEN,
DUBLIN.
Majority 558.

Johnny at Shroton Fair

BY M. E. FRANCIS (MRS FRANCIS BLUNDELL)
AUTHOR OF "IN A NORTH-COUNTRY VILLAGE" ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. HASSALL.



PART II.

WHEN the time came for the young folks to return home, they were much surprised to find that Reed did not appear to restore Johnny to their care. After long waiting and fruitless searching in the crowd, they decided that the little fellow must have prevailed upon his sire to allow him to remain with him.

"Be hoped he 'll not keep out the child too long," said Maggie as she mounted the cart. "Mother 'll be awful upset at our goin' back wi'out him."

"She will—jist about!" agreed Rosie gloomily, from the back seat. "I'm sure I don't know, however he 'll manage to get en home, without he carries en all the way, and he's a pretty good weight, Johnny is."

"Somebody 'ull give 'em a lift, you mid be sure," said optimistic Tom, from his place next Rosie. "'Tis wonderful how things do fall out. There now, d'ye see, I never looked for gettin' a ride in sich pleasant company."

And he leered at Rosie in so meaning a manner that she tossed her head and forgot all about her little brother.

Mrs. Reed's indignation and anxiety knew no bounds, and she was far from satisfied with the girls' explanation. Indeed, she rated them both soundly, refused to hear any details of their doings, and dismissed them in dudgeon to their little attic room, where, infected by her alarm, they lay quaking as the hours passed without bringing their father.

Midnight had been proclaimed by the asthmatic cuckoo-clock, and one had struck before the sound of heavy footsteps on the path without awoke Maggie from the uneasy doze into which she had at length fallen.

"'Tis father," she cried, sitting up in her bed. "Lard! how he do fumble wi' the latch. He do seem to be a bit drinky, and he can't have been driv, after all. He must ha' carried Johnny all the way. 'Tis a mercy if he haven't dropped him."

They could hear their mother unbolting the house-door, her voice raised in querulous reproach.

"'Tis a shame for 'ee, John, to keep out the child to this time o' night." Then a sudden cry. "For mercy's sake, what ha' ye done wi' him? Where be he?"

"Where be what?" returned their father, good-humouredly, if a little thickly. "Johnny? Why be he at home and a-bed hours ago. I left en wi' the maids. They be come home, sure."

Maggie's heart seemed to stand still; in a moment she had thrown a shawl over her nightgown, and was patterning down the narrow stairs, Rosie following and sobbing aloud. They burst into the kitchen. John Reed's tall figure was standing in the open doorway, and though his wife, voiceless with terror, was clutching him by the arm, actually shaking him in her anxiety, he was smiling stupidly down at her, quite unconscious of the effect produced by his announcement.

"Ees," he repeated, "I left en wi' the maids, and they must ha' started long afore I. I 'll tell ye all about it—I did meet Charl' Pollen—"

"Father!" shrieked Maggie, "ye don't mean to say ye haven't got Johnny! He wasn't with us! He ran off to you late in the afternoon—I saw en close aside o' you. Lard save us, what's to be done! The child's lost!"

"Lost!" repeated Reed, sobered in a minute. "Lost!"

He rushed towards the girls, his face working, his eyes bloodshot. "If you've been and lost that child I 'll be the death o' you."

His voice was harsh, absolutely unlike itself; he could scarcely articulate in his frenzy of rage and terror.

"I told 'ee," he cried, "I told 'ee to look after en—my last words was, 'Take care o' Johnny, whatever ye do.' Don't dare tell me ye've been and lost en!"

"Oh, father, father!" wailed Maggie, who had retreated to the farthest end of the room, and now stood gazing at him with eyes that seemed ready to start from her pallid face. "Oh, father, you did say you was a-comin' back for en, and he was a-cryin' for you, and

when he caught sight o' you he wouldn't be kept back all us could say. And we stood and watched en till he was close aside of 'ee. How could we but think he was safe!"

"Ye shouldn't ha' let go of en for a minute," thundered the father.

"I never set eyes

on en, I tell 'ee. My God! the child's lost, sure enough!"

He sank down on the nearest chair, covering his face with his hands, while the women stood huddled together

with ghastly faces, weeping and lamenting. Suddenly he sprang up again, turning on them savagely—

"How could ye be sich fools as to think I'd keep him out till this hour! D'ye fancy I'd no thought for en! D'ye really think I—I could go for to do anything as mid hurt en! Lard, to think on it! Keep them maids o' yourn out of my sight, missus, or upon my word I 'll be the death of 'em."

Mrs. Reed's very soul was pierced by the cruelty of the words "Them maids o' yourn," which not only implied her responsibility for the catastrophe, but seemed to portend a kind of dissolution of partnership; but, nevertheless, she alone of all the family retained a remnant of self-possession.

"Let's see," she said tremulously, "what time was it when you see him last, maids?"

"Six o'clock, I think," gasped Maggie.

"Six o'clock," repeated Reed, dropping his voice suddenly to a despairing note. "Six o'clock—and it's



Johnny was sleeping the sweet, sound sleep of a tired child, on a heap of soft earth at the bottom of the Roman villa.

nigh upon two now! That's eight hours since he was seen or heard of."

"Maybe he's there yet," cried the mother, still striving to be hopeful. "Don't let's lose another moment, father—let's go and look for en straight off. Maybe he's crept into one o' the tents and fell asleep, or, maybe, somebody's found en and is a-taken care of en. I don't believe," added the poor woman wistfully, "I don't believe as anyone could find it in their hearts for to hurt a little chap like him—so pretty as he did look too! Oh, dear!"

Her face changed, and she caught her breath with a sudden gasp. Her lip began to tremble, and she pressed her finger to it to still it.

"He be too pretty," she said falteringly; "that's the worst on it! There be so many gipsy folk about, and play-actors, and all sorts."

"Oh, mother," cried Maggie and Rosie together, "ye don't think as anybody 'ud want to steal en?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," she returned almost inarticulately; "there, maybe they wouldn't, but they do tell such tales, and Johnny did look sich a pictur', ye know; we was a-sayin' it ourselves."

John Reed uttered such a heart-rending groan upon this that the girls, forgetful of their terror, ran towards him.

"Keep off, I say!" he cried savagely, springing from his chair. "Keep off!—keep out of my sight—I don't know what I mid do to you."

"There, my dears," interposed their mother, in a tremulous aside, "best not anger him. He's not himself, d'ye see. Run upstairs and get your things on, and see if ye can rouse up any of the neighbours to come and help look for the child."

"I'll not wait for nobody's help!" growled her husband, catching at the words. "I be goin' to look for my child myself. I'm not a-goin' to take none o' you wi' me—ye don't deserve it. Ye didn't, none o' ye, vally that child as ye did ought to ha' vallyed him, and now he be lost, and ye don't none o' ye deserve to find en."

The women-folk gazed at each other aghast, but before they could remonstrate he was gone.

Day was dawning in all the cool glamour of fine September; a milky sky, that would presently become brilliant blue, a dew-drenched landscape; trees and pasture alike silver-besprent. Robins were already singing in the boughs, and the sparrows had long been awake and busy, when a party of workmen, each with a spade and pick on shoulder, sauntered across the fields to the scene of their daily labours. As they walked they could hear the stir and bustle at Shroton—no great distance away. The fair had ended on the preceding night, and the travelling folk were busily collecting their gear, and preparing for the road. Many shows and gipsy-vans had, indeed, departed long before it was light, and from time to time the clatter of a traction-engine, the shriek of a steam-whistle, a column of noisome smoke poisoning the air above the irregular green-gold line of hedge which bordered the highway, attended the retirement of some unusually important merry-go-round or switchback.

The men had all paid a visit to the fair on one or other of the two days previous, and were discussing with some eagerness and occasional bursts of laughter the various frolics in which each had taken part, when they arrived at their goal.

Their task, unusual enough in itself, did not seem strange to them. They were removing soil and rubbish from the recently discovered remains of a Roman villa.

Roman remains were common enough in that neighbourhood; antiquarians had even gloated over traces of still earlier times. Thigh-bones, which were recognised to be of Danish origin, skulls of ancient Britons, had been found and treasured; there were undeniable traces, not far from this particular spot, of a hamlet once occupied by some almost prehistoric race. No wonder, therefore, that the excavation of a mere Roman villa was an event comparatively unimportant!

Yet when the foremost workman reached the spot and looked down at the scene of his previous labours, he uttered a long, shrill whistle, and, turning to his comrades, exclaimed—

"Well, I'm blowed!"

"What's up?" cried another, pressing forward in his turn.

The rest hastened after him, and soon all were bending forward looking into the pit, the depth of which varied from five to six feet. What was it that had called forth their astonishment? The ancient walls, which each day's toil exposed more fully, had now become familiar to them; they had often noticed the lines of colour traced by some alien hand so many centuries before, yet still bright and distinct where the sunshine caught them: they were not prone to marvel at these things at any time, and certainly not now when the modern wonders at the fair were still fresh in their memory.

"Why, how ever did he get there?" cried the first speaker, pointing downwards with his thumb as the long-dead proprietor of those ancient walls might once have pointed at some doomed gladiator.

There, amid the relics of a bygone civilisation, lay the chubby form of a little nineteenth-century child—an extremely modern little Briton in a sailor-suit, with a mop of yellow curls tumbling over his sleeping face.

Yes, there lay Johnny, while his distracted father was scouring the roads; while his mother and sisters, frantic with grief, had passed the night in wandering from house to house beating up search-parties. Johnny was sleeping the sweet, sound sleep of a tired child, on a heap of soft earth at the bottom of the Roman villa.

On hearing the strange voices he sat up, and looked about him, rosy and dewy after his slumbers. The night had been mild, and he had rolled himself up so tightly that he had contrived to keep warm. He blinked in bewilderment at the bright sunshine and at the strange bearded faces. Then, with returning consciousness, the thought which had been last present to his mind before sleep had overtaken him leaped back to it.

"I want Dada," said Johnny.

"Why, how in the name o' fortun' did you get here?" cried one of the men, swinging himself over the side, and taking the child up in his arms. "Have you been here all night?"

"Looks like it," cried another. "What's your name, little man?"

"Johnny," said the child.

"How'd ye come here, eh?"

"I thought the man was arter me, and I couldn't find Dada," said Johnny. "I looked and looked, an' it was dark, and I was running, and I falled down here and I couldn't get out again."

"Well, what a tale! The little chap's lost hisself, d'ye see, mates. There's somebody in trouble about this 'ere, you mid be sure! Somebody's lost en at the fair."

"Ah, he don't look as if he belonged to any o' the gipsy folk o' the shows, or sich as them," said somebody.

"Seems as if he did belong to decent folks. They be lookin' for en at Shroton most like—we'd best take en back there. He don't belong to nobody about here, that's plain. Where d'ye live, Johnny?"

"Next door to Mrs. Short," returned the child promptly.

"That's tellin' nothin'. What's the name o' the place?"

Johnny, who was chary of speech at all times, and was besides slightly alarmed at being interrogated by so many strangers, returned no answer to this query, and announced instead loudly, and with a hint of not far distant tears in his voice, that he wanted "Dada."

"There, best taken en to the fair at once," said the man who held him in his arms. "There's sure to be some of his folks about. Come along, Johnny—we'll go and look for Dada."

He handed up the child to one of his comrades, clambered himself to the higher level, and, taking him again in his arms, set off for the scene of the fair, the others looking after him curiously for a moment or two, and then leisurely setting about their work.

Johnny did not say much during the transit; he sat very upright, staring about him with all his eyes in his anxiety to catch the first glimpse of his father.

As they entered the field where the fair had taken place, and where were still many groups of busy people, a sudden outcry sounded from the neighbourhood of one of the large gipsy-vans which stood horsed and ready for further progress. A great red-bearded man with a white face and wild, bloodshot eyes, was struggling in the midst of the little crowd which had closed about him, while the proprietor of the van, a swarthy, thick-set fellow, was evidently denouncing him.

"That's Dada!" cried Johnny eagerly. "There he is! What are they doing to en? Why are they holdin' en? Dada!" he cried in a shrill scream. "Dada!"

Amid all his frenzy, aye, even amid the din which surrounded him, John Reed distinguished the little voice, and suddenly became as a lamb.

"Tis he," he cried brokenly. "Tis Johnny! That's him yonder," and slipping from the loosened grasp of the hands which had been laid upon him, he staggered forward, paused, wavered, and then dropping to the ground burst into tears.

Johnny, having been set on his legs, ran gleefully to his father, and he flung his arms about his neck, and John fondled him with one great trembling hand, and sobbed on, his broad shoulders heaving, the tears trickling through the brown fingers with which he sought to hide his face.

People who had been most ready to condemn him now gathered round, full of sympathy: even the policemen, fathers of families themselves, looked down with benign compassion, only the van-proprietor stood aloof, indignantly surveying the tattered collar of his own rusty jacket, which seemed, indeed, to have recently sustained severe handling.

"He was near the death o' me, I know that," he remarked. "He'd no need to come assaultin' and a-batterin' of me, if he had a-lost his child."

"He didn't know what he was a-doin'," returned a sympathetic bystander.

"He bin all night runnin' after vans and sich, thinkin' they'd a-carried off the little chap. Somebody went and

told en there was a little kid wi' yaller curls among your folks, and he made sure 'twas his, d'ye see?"

"Well, an' if we do have a kid wi' yaller curls, what's that to be?" grumbled the other. "Us have got brats enough of our own wi'out wantin' strangers. I'll have compensation for this. I bain't a-goin' to be assaulted and a-battered for nothin'."

The nearest policeman, a portly personage, and jealous of his prerogative, now turning in a dignified manner, informed the malcontent that he didn't know nothin' o' what he was talkin' of, that compensation didn't apply to no such case as this, and finally ordered him, sternly, to move on.

Meanwhile Reed had somewhat recovered, and was looking about him with red, swollen eyes, and explaining huskily to the crowd as he hugged Johnny in his arms—

"I thought I'd lost en, d'ye see—that's it. I thought I'd lost en."

Rising presently, he prepared to leave the field, Johnny's whilom protector walking beside him, relating over and over again how he had come upon the child, how surprised he had been, how he had said to his mates that there was sure to be somebody in trouble about this, and how he had thought it best to come to the fair at once. Reed, listening in a dazed kind of way, folded his arms tighter about Johnny, and stumbled along almost like a man in a dream.

"Shall I carry him?" said the other suddenly. "Ye do seem that upset I reckon ye'd get along easier."

And then John woke up.

"Nay," he said, "nay, Sir. I thank 'ee kindly—I thank 'ee from my heart for findin' en and all—but I can't let go of en. I must have the feel of en, ye see."

As they turned out of the gate a sudden rattle of wheels was heard, and a trap came in sight, the horse proceeding at a kind of hobbling canter, and one of the occupants of the little vehicle actually standing upright and supporting herself by the shoulder of the driver.

"Tis Mammy, I do believe," said Reed. "See, Johnny—and there's Maggie and Rosie at back. Call out to 'em, sonny! Holler loud. I don't know what's come to me, I can't seem to get my voice out."

Johnny duly raised his shrill pipe, and in another moment, with a joyful whoop, Jim Fry had thrown the reins on the horse's back, and the whole party had tumbled into the road.

Mrs. Reed and Rosie were beside Dada and his precious burden almost immediately, but Maggie hung back, looking at her father with piteous, appealing eyes.

"Come here, maids," he said huskily, "come—all's forgive and forgot—there be summat to forgive and forget on all sides. I were a bit rough to 'ee last night, but there, d'ye see, I were very nigh out o' my mind."

Maggie made a clutch at the nearest available portion of Johnny's person, which happened to be a sturdy little mottled leg—for he was positively swamped by the caresses of his family—stooped, kissed it, and burst into tears.

Rosie followed suit, the mother had been long ago weeping, and now John Reed himself began to gulp and make contortions of the face as though in preparation for a fresh outburst of emotion.

Poor little Johnny looked from one to the other utterly bewildered. The sight of his whole family simultaneously in tears was too much for him, and, lifting up his voice, he gave vent to his feelings in a volume of sound which left no doubt as to the unimpaired condition of his lungs even after a night under the stars.

Jim Fry had been circling round the group scratching his head, rubbing his nose, and screwing up his mouth in token of dissatisfaction. At this juncture he thought it was time to interfere.

"Well, I never," he remarked irritably, "I never did see sich folk. Here we've all been a-trapesing over the county lookin' for the child, and thinkin' him dead or stole, or hurted some way, and now we've a-found en safe and sound, wi'out so much as a scratch on en, and ye must all begin a-cryin' and a-sobbin' enough to frighten en out of his wits. Tisn't what ye'd like, be it, Johnny?"

"No," said Johnny, with such a heave of his little chest that it very nearly lifted him out of his father's arms. Again he looked from one to the other with fearful bewildered eyes, and again the sense of his injuries was too much for him. "I'd like—summat—to eat!" he announced in a kind of bellow of wrath and woe.

And thereupon the whole simple family fell a-laughing; and once again Johnny was hugged all round, and though eyes were still wet, and every now and then there would be a little catch in the voice of one or other speaker, the general equanimity was restored, and the party fell to discussing the little boy's practical suggestion.

It was a very happy family that presently sat down to breakfast in a neighbouring cottage, Johnny being lauded with respectful tenderness from one to the other, and being disposed before the meal was out to look upon himself quite in the light of a hero; and Maggie sat between her father and Jim Fry, and was perhaps the happiest of all.

THE END.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A.

Sketches (Facsimile) by our Special Artist, Mr. John Schönborg.



BRIDGE OF BOATS OVER THE WEI-HO RIVER. AUGUST 1900.



HOSPITAL SCENE AT WEI-HAI-WEI, AUGUST 25.



THE FIGHT ON THE RAILWAY AT WO-SANG.

Sketch (Facsimile) by our Special Artist, Mr. John Schönborg.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A



RUSSIAN TROOPS MOUNTING GUARD AT THE GATES OF THE TSUNGLI-YAMEN.

(Illustration by R.C.W.)

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Pilgrim's Progress (reprint). (London: C. Arthur Pearson. 2s.)
Quaints. By Anthony Hope. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
The Conscience of Coralie. By F. Frankfort Moore. (London: C. Arthur Pearson. 6s.)
The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg. By Mark Twain. (London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.)
Senator North. By Victorine Atherton. (London: John Lane. 6s.)
Lord Rosebery: His Life and Speeches. By Thomas F. G. Coates. Two vols. (London: Hutchinson. 24s. net.)

To republish the "Pilgrim's Progress" in a form at once cheap and good must always be accounted a service to literature and the rising generation. Messrs. C. Arthur

society, and yet he wins for his wife a woman of most sensitive refinement, and, despite successive revelations of baseness, retains her loyalty to the end. He dominates her intellectually, and yet we are not shown in detail the process by which this magnetism is exercised. He can hold a dinner-table in rapt attention by brilliant talk; but we have no specimens of the brilliancy. Such, however, is the art of this remarkable book that Mr. Hope does, in our judgment, entirely succeed in communicating to the reader the magic of Quaint's personality. Quite masterly is the analysis of Lady May Quaint's relations with the husband she admires and extols, but never truly loves or respects. Mr. Hope has brought back to the modern English novel the psychological interest it has lacked so woefully and so long; and as a story-teller, he is more fertile and ingenious than ever. In pure style "Quaints" will challenge comparison with the best of contemporary French models.

The lady with the conscience is Coralie Randal, only daughter of Mr. Denis Randal, of Nokomis, Illinois, and Boston, Massachusetts (these wealthy American heroines seem inevitable nowadays), and she has come to England on a visit to Lord and Lady Glasnamara. Coralie is a charming girl, with a thin crust of priggishness of the shade cultivated by American intellectual woman's clubs. Disgusted with the levity of everyone she meets here—Mr. Frankfort Moore certainly introduces her to some extraordinary people—she engages herself to the one earnest man, Bernard Mott, Socialist. All the while she is, though unconsciously, in love with Lord Glasnamara's son, Barry, whom ultimately she marries, after making the discovery that these light-hearted people are earnest-minded in secret, and that the earnest Bernard Mott is in reality what the Glasnamara household have always called him—a "boulder" and a coward. Mr. Moore works out his idea on rather lurid lines. When his points are not glaringly obvious they are burlesque; there are absolutely no grey shades; and the writing is strained in a distressing effort to be smart. The result is a book entirely out of tone. For example, the conclusion of Chapter xxix—"Be with me, O God! Oh, good God, be with me!" The next moment she was lying along the floor in a flood of tears"—strikes us as almost indecent in its wrongness of feeling.

"The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg" is a somewhat misleading title. For it properly belongs only to the first story in the book; the other papers are reprinted from Mark Twain's contributions to the Press during recent years. One dislikes saying hard things of the creator of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, the most delightful boys in literature. But one cannot but feel that this book is not quite worthy of the author. It contains good

things, of course. "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg" is not a bad story. In another sketch Mark makes fine game of the quackery displayed by American faith-healers. His account of the Austrian Parliament, too, with its uproar and desk-banging and general look of a bear-garden, is more than humorous: it is a paper of real political value, as showing in actual conflict the dissensions that are rending Austria to pieces. But our general impression is one of dissatisfaction with this motley assemblage of sketches, stories, satires, and recollections. The fooling may be fine, but it is too confused; and the humour is often forced. Molière said it was a strange thing to try and make worthy folk laugh. At times Mark Twain evidently finds it very strange, so strange that he is not even on terms of a bowing acquaintance with the means. The result is "pumped-up" humour, and that is the coldest and most vapid of the streams that go gushing forth on the poor reading public. In consequence, the serious pieces in this volume are by far the best. There is a marvellously vivid recollection and re-statement of Mark Twain's first big achievement as a journalist. It was an account of the sufferings and endurance of a shipwrecked crew, and it is almost worth while getting this book for the pleasure of reading it alone. Better still is Mark's account of a great German play, "The Captive of Palmyra." It shows that Mark is not the merry-andrew in motley which fools think him, but, like other great humorists, a big-minded man.

In "Senator North" Mrs. Atherton has written a book of very great interest. Miss Betty Madison, daughter of one of the "old Washingtonian" families, embarks on the political sea; in other words, she takes the most unconventional step (for one in her set) of studying politics in the Congressional Record, and politicians in the society of Senators and even of Representatives themselves. It ought to be said that Miss Betty is a beauty and has brains, and she is successful in her voyage, discovers unimagined countries and peoples, and in the end sets up a kingdom of her own. This element in the story, the social-political background against which is played the drama of Betty and Senator North, affords opportunities of which Mrs. Atherton is clever to take advantage for keen and dashing sketches of American political life. We cannot

say how far real characters are introduced under thin disguises; if they are, the inability to recognise them does not prevent one from being entertained by their appearances on the stage. Nor are we able to criticise the setting of the political scenes; we can only say that it impresses us as being no more exaggerated than is necessary and legitimate in such a case. The time is the present, and the English reader, though he be not a student of American politics, will follow with deep interest the discussion of the war with Spain, with which, in a manner, Betty's destiny is involved. Of the story—or, rather, stories, for besides that of the loves of Betty and Senator North there is another of terrible tragedy—we can only say that they are strongly imagined and told with a great deal of brilliancy. It would be wrong to speak of Mrs. Atherton's book as masculine. A man would not have painted the portrait of Senator North as it is here, and we are inclined to believe that he would have made the character of Betty Madison more warmly engaging. But Mrs. Atherton has written a book which is ripe and wholesome to a man's taste, and proves her right to a place in the front rank of women novelists.

Undeterred by possible copyright contingencies, Mr. Coates has gathered together into two bulky volumes a number of the speeches with which Lord Rosebery has amused, instructed, and sometimes mystified the world. A few lines in the preface may be accepted as a sort of sequel to certain recent proceedings in the Law Courts; for Mr. Coates thanks the *Times* and the *Daily News* for permission to reproduce some of the speeches in the reports that are the copyright of their reporters. Large type adds its own glory to these reprintings; but the speeches read a little coldly so, and one misses the atmosphere which made them notable. This is no retrospective murmur against the impression they made at the time. They were successful means to an end; and Lord Rosebery himself has not challenged opinion upon them in the form of elaborate subsequent publication. At any rate, the book, which comes down to the date of the letter to Captain Hedworth Lambton, will be a useful work of reference for students of politics; and there are passages, such as that dealing with a Redistribution Bill so long ago as 1884, which have as fresh a bearing to-day as they had when they were uttered. The speeches of Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Coates's commentary, which is called biographical, are a little bewilderingly mixed, being both put into type uniform in boldness. Such a sentence as that occurring in the chronicle of the Rosebery-Rothschild wedding: "It was a brilliant ceremony, the society event of the year," might have borne a little more obscurity in this matter of type. One volume, instead of two volumes of over five hundred pages each, would have been the result of a rearrangement on these lines; but that would have been a diminution rather than a loss. Some portraits and illustrations add variety to the volumes. Among these is the Duchess of Cleveland, seen in all the symmetry of "Keepsake" and "Book of Beauty" loveliness. Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope,



From "The Pilgrim's Progress," by permission of Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.

Pearson may therefore very properly take credit to themselves for the reprint, with its capital illustrations by H. M. Brock, which they have just given to the public at the truly wonderful price of two shillings. The work in size and appearance differs in no respect from a six-shilling novel, and makes us almost wish for the sake of our shelves that all great authors were dead and beyond the reach of royalty and copyright fees. This excellent edition should do much to take away the reproach that nowadays the matchless allegory has fallen into neglect, at least among the younger ranks of readers. It is, further, a matter for congratulation that the editors have been careful to preserve those terse and virile phrases which a foolish prudery has too often excised from Bunyan's pages. It is refreshing to turn to the escape of Christian and Hopeful from Giant Despair's Castle, and to find that "the lock went damnably hard." We confess that, well aware of what Mr. Bowdler had done for other editions, we turned to the passage in question and to others with some apprehension, only to be happily disappointed. The artist, too, has done well to abandon the pseudo-Eastern style of illustration with which we are familiar in copies of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and to give to his pictures the setting and costume of Bunyan's own time.

Successful political novels are rare. Since Dismeli, no writer of fiction has handled this branch of it with the credit that establishes a reputation. Nobody remembers Anthony Trollope by "Phineas Finn." Disraeli was not simply a writer of romances; he had political ideas that he wanted to impress upon the world. The characters in his novels were definitely associated with the political movements of their time. They do not make very lively reading now, but they are still useful for the purposes of historical reference. You may not care a straw for "Coningsby" as a novel, but it will tell you something about the Young England Party. Now Mr. Anthony Hope has written his political novel without the slightest ambition to tell us anything about parties or public affairs. Alexander Quaints is a political adventurer who acquires an almost commanding influence in our party system; but of his views on any subject, Imperial or parochial, there is not the slightest suggestion. There is a contested election in the story, and never has an election been described in a novel with so much truth and humour. But of the principles expounded by the candidates we have not the smallest idea. Opinions will differ as to whether, under such conditions of technique, Mr. Hope has succeeded in making Quaints's personal ascendancy intelligible. The man is a strange mixture of genius and coarsest grain. He is almost universally detested in



LADY WILHELMINA STANHOPE (THE DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND), LORD ROSEBERY'S MOTHER.

Reproduced from "Lord Rosebery: His Life and Speeches," by permission of Messrs. Hutchinson.

a daughter of the fourth Earl Stanhope, married Lord Dalmeny in 1843, became a widow in 1851, and, three years later, became the wife of the fourth Duke of Cleveland.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

The Successors of Drake. Julian S. Corbett. (Longmans. 21s.)
Joseph Chamberlain, The Man and the Statesman. N. Murrell Morris. (Hutchinson. 10s.)
Oliver Cromwell. John Morley. (Macmillan. 10s.)
The Far East: Its History and its Question. Alexis Krusoe. Grant Richards. 15s.)
Lockhart's Life of Scott. Vols. 3, 4, and 5. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)
The People of China. J. W. Robertson Scott. (Methuen. 6s.)
London Townsmen: an Old Guildhall. 2 Vols. William Timley. Sampson Marshall. 21s.)
England, Egypt, and the Soudan. H. D. Tridell. (Constable. 12s.)
The Waterloo Campaign, 1815. William Siborne. (Constable. 6s.)
Old Fives and Football Clubs. "Q." (Caswell. 6s.)
Archbishop Flucker. F. D. How. (Isbister. 16s.)

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A.



THE BURNT AND PILLAGED CHINESE TOWN ON THE BORDER OF THE FRENCH SETTLEMENT AT TIENTSIN.

Sketch (Pencil) by our Special Artist, Mr. John Schönborg.



CARRIER CAMELS OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF PEKING IN WINTER.

From a Photograph by Mrs. Archibald Little.

THE RETURN OF OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS



A NOTABLE ENGAGEMENT OF THE C.I.V.: STORMING THE KOPJES AT BRITSTOWN, MARCH 6.

DRAWN BY R. CAPON WOODVILLE.

In the engagement near Britstown eight of the City Imperial Volunteers were wounded, and six were reported missing.

FOR THE

C.I.V.

EMPIRE

THE C.I.V.S' PATRIOTIC SACRIFICE.

KILLED IN ACTION.

- Lieut. W. B. L. ALT, 22nd Middlesex R.V. (near Pretoria, June 12).
 Sergt. D. P. KINGSFORD, 1st City of London Rifles (Brandfort).
 Private C. J. DAY, 1st Tower Hamlets R.V. (Frederickstad).
 .. M. W. HOLLAND, 1st City of London Rifles (Brandfort).
 .. G. E. TIES, 3rd V.B. East Surrey Regt. (near Pretoria, June 12).
 .. W. H. SHURIMPTON, 16th Middlesex R.V. (Frederickstad, July 31).

DIED OF WOUNDS.

- .. A. F. CIEAVE, 18th Middlesex R.V. (wounded near Pretoria, June 11-12).
 .. A. G. EATLEY, 1st London Royal Engineers (wounded near Pretoria June 11-12).
 G. HOLDER, 4th V.B. Essex Regiment (wounded Thaba N'chu May 3).
 H. HUNT, 2nd V.B. Middlesex Regiment (wounded near Frederickstad July 31).
 C. F. NIXON, 13th Middlesex R.V. (wounded Paardeberg).
 W. A. THICK, 2nd V.B. Middlesex Regiment (wounded near Frederickstad July 31).
 G. W. M. TURNBRIDGE, 4th V.B. West Surrey Regiment (wounded near Pretoria June 11-12).

WOUNDED.

- .. W. BERKELEY, 3rd London R.V. (Florida, May 29).
 Colour-Sergt. A. W. ROUSE, Per. Staff, 1st V.B. Royal Berks (Jacobsdal, Feb. 16).
 Pay (Colour) Sergt. L. TAYLOR, Per. Staff, 2nd V.B. Middlesex Regiment (Bristown, March 6).
 Sergt. G. FENWICK, 2nd V.B. East Surrey Regiment (near Pretoria, June 11-12).
 .. W. H. SHAW, 3rd V.B. West Surrey Regiment (Florida, May 29).
 Lance-Corpl. W. C. FRAPWELL, 4th Middlesex R.V. (near Pretoria, June 11-12).
 .. F. WELLER, 1st V.B. Royal Fusiliers (near Pretoria, June 11-12).
 Bombardier H. P. APPLEBEE, Hon. Artillery Company Field Battery (Bethlehem, July 7).
 Private W. R. ARNELL, 5th Middlesex R.V. (Florida, May 29).
 .. H. BAKER, 4th V.B. Essex Regiment (near Pretoria, June 11-12).
 .. J. BARRETT, 13th Middlesex R.V. (near Pretoria, June 11-12).
 .. G. C. BRADY, Hon. Artillery Company (Bethlehem, July 16).
 .. P. J. RUDD, 7th Middlesex R.V. (Florida, May 29).
 .. C. BULL, 3rd V.B. Essex Regiment (near Pretoria, June 11-12).
 .. E. T. CALVERT, 17th (North) Middlesex R.V. (near Pretoria).
 .. A. DRUMMOND, 7th Middlesex R.V. (Florida, May 29).
 .. I. J. DUDLEY, 18th Middlesex R.V. (Bristown, March 6).
 G. EDWARDS, 2nd Kent Volunteer Artillery (Jacobsdal, Feb. 16).
 F. G. FENNELL, 22nd Middlesex R.V. (Florida, May 29).
 H. W. FISHER, 12th Middlesex R.V. (near Pretoria, June 11-12).
 .. C. HALL, 22nd Middlesex R.V. (near Pretoria, June 11-12).
 .. N. HAMILTON, 1st V.B. Middlesex Regiment (Bristown, March 6).
 .. G. HENDERSON, 17th Middlesex R.V. (near Pretoria, June 11-12).
 .. H. HODGKISON, 5th (West) Middlesex R.V. (Stephanusdrai, July 29).
 .. J. G. HUCKER, 1st Middlesex Royal Engineers (Florida, May 29).
 .. G. HUBBETT, 2nd Kent Volunteer Artillery (near Pretoria, June 11-12).
 .. A. J. HUMPHREYS, 17th Middlesex R.V. (near Pretoria, June 11-12).
 .. N. A. JOLIFFE, 3rd V.B. East Surrey Regiment (near Pretoria, June 11-12).
 .. A. T. KAYE, 1st V.B. Middlesex Regiment (Bristown, March 6).
 .. J. KELLEY, 3rd V.B. Essex Regiment (Florida, May 29).
 .. S. H. LITTLE, Hon. Artillery Company (near Pretoria, June 11-12).
 .. C. A. S. MAITLAND, Queen's Royal Scots (Thaba N'chu, May 3).
 .. J. MATHESON, 4th Middlesex R.V. (near Pretoria, June 11-12).
 .. E. MERRITT, 3rd City of London Rifles (near Pretoria, June 11-12).
 .. E. G. MILARD, 3rd V.B. East Surrey Regiment (Florida, May 29).
 .. E. MOORE, 22nd Middlesex R.V. (near Pretoria, June 11-12).
 .. C. F. NESHAM, Hon. Artillery Company (Jacobsdal, Feb. 16).
 .. A. NORTH, 3rd City of London Rifles (near Pretoria, June 11-12).

- Private J. A. ROBINSON, 4th V.B. Essex Regiment (near Frederickstad, July 31).
 .. A. T. SAUNDERS, 1st V.B. Middlesex Regiment (Bristown, March 6).
 .. E. P. SCARBOROUGH, 4th V.B. West Surrey Regiment (near Pretoria, June 11-12).
 .. H. R. SEFFE, 2nd V.B. Middlesex Regiment (Bristown, March 6).
 .. H. D. SPRATT, 14th Middlesex R.V. (Thaba N'chu, May 3).
 .. L. STREAT, 4th V.B. Essex Regiment (near Frederickstad, July 31).
 .. C. SUMERLING, 2nd City of London Rifles (near Pretoria, June 11-12).
 .. A. E. TAYLOR, 21st Middlesex R.V. (Bristown, March 6).
 .. A. G. THERLOW, 3rd V.B. Essex Regiment (near Pretoria, June 11-12).
 .. F. TRICKY, 5th (West) Middlesex R.V. (Stephanusdrai).
 .. T. WARREN, 2nd V.B. West Surrey Regiment (Florida, May 29).
 .. J. A. WALKER, 1st City of London Artillery (near Pretoria, June 11-12).
 .. T. E. WALTERS, 2nd V.B. Royal Fusiliers (near Pretoria, June 11-12).
 .. J. WATERHOUSE, 3rd V.B. West Surrey Regiment (Florida, May 29).
 .. W. WILKINSON, 1st Middlesex Royal Engineers (Bristown).

DIED OF DISEASE.

- Colour-Sergt. E. J. GIBBONS, 14th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.
 Sergt. A. W. DAWBORN, 4th (West London) Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.
 Corpl. H. J. BONE, 2nd V.B. Middlesex Regiment.
 .. D. B. JONES, 2nd V.B. Royal Fusiliers.
 .. W. H. PAYNE, 1st V.B. West Surrey Regiment.
 Private J. C. APPLEFORD, 13th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.
 .. E. L. BEARDWELL, 3rd Middlesex Volunteer Artillery.
 .. J. R. BLOTT, 1st London Royal Engineers.
 .. J. H. BRICE, 13th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.
 .. R. D. CAMERON, 13th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.
 .. A. W. CANNON, 5th (West) Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.
 .. A. CARDEN, 20th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.
 .. P. J. CARR, 1st Essex Volunteer Artillery.
 .. B. CHIEF, 2nd V.B. Essex Regiment.
 .. W. F. COOMBS, 20th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.
 .. G. W. COOPER, 4th V.B. Essex.
 .. E. A. DAWSON, 14th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.
 .. E. C. F. DAY, 1st Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.
 .. T. DYER, 1st Tower Hamlets Rifle Volunteers.
 .. P. GLASSEY, 1st Tower Hamlets Rifle Volunteers.
 .. G. E. HATFORD, 1st Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.
 .. C. W. HAWKES, 20th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.
 .. T. G. P. HUMPHREY, 14th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.
 .. R. S. HUTCHINGS, Hon. Artillery Company.
 .. B. JAMES, 3rd V.B. Essex Regiment.
 .. H. MARKS, 3rd Middlesex Volunteer Artillery.
 .. H. A. MILLER, 2nd V.B. Essex Regiment.
 .. H. O. PALMER, 3rd Middlesex Volunteer Artillery.
 .. P. POOLE, 2nd Tower Hamlets Rifle Volunteers.
 .. A. R. W. PREUSS, 19th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.
 .. G. ROBERTS, 17th (North) Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.
 .. A. E. ROWE, 3rd V.B. East Surrey Regiment.
 .. G. E. SARGENT, 2nd V.B. West Surrey Regiment.
 .. J. SAY, 1st Tower Hamlets Rifle Volunteers.
 .. F. J. SOFFE, 2nd V.B. Essex Regiment.
 .. F. H. TATTERSHALL, 7th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.
 .. F. W. TOWERS, 1st City of London Artillery.
 .. H. TUPPEN, 3rd City of London Rifles.
 .. A. E. I. VERNUM, 1st V.B. Middlesex Regiment.
 .. W. A. WALKER, 1st Tower Hamlets Rifle Volunteers.
 .. G. WALLISS, 1st Tower Hamlets Rifle Volunteers.
 .. F. H. WELSHY, 13th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.
 .. B. J. WILLIAMS, 21st Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.
 .. E. L. YORK, 21st Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.
 .. E. A. YOUNG, 2nd V.B. Essex Regiment.

ACCIDENTALLY KILLED.

- Private A. CALLINGHAM, Queen's Royal Scots (Hanover Road, Oct. 6).

THE RETURN OF OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS.



THE C.I.V. IN SOUTH AFRICA: A SHARP ENGAGEMENT.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. Milton Prior.

T H E L E A D E R S O F T H E C. I. V.



COLONEL W. H. MACKINNON.

FOR THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

Photo. by Messrs. J. & J. Spence.

T H E L E A D E R S O F T H E C. I. V.



Photo. London.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE
COMMANDING THE INFANTRY.

THE RETURN OF OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS.



THE C.I.V. ON THE WAY TO PRETORIA: CROSSING A DRIFT ON THE VAAL RIVER.

From a Photograph.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Once more there are signs of recurrent Anglophobia in France; for this time the provinces are joining in, Marseilles making preparations to give an ovation to the late President Kruger. At the risk of being considered supercilious, I may dismiss the attempt, even if successful, as not being worthy of notice; for, like Lyons, it is not the first effort of the Phœcean city to have a finger in the foreign political pie of the nation. Such aspirations are always dismissed by the Government with a shrug of the shoulders and a contemptuous sneer, for the Ministry and every municipality throughout the length and breadth of the land fully know that the capital, and only the capital, determines the whole of the country's policy, not only with regard to alien powers, but also with regard to home concerns.

What is more to the point—if it be to the point at all—is the daily pro-Boer manifestation at the Pavilion of the late South African Republics at the Exhibition. Theoretically, it is pro-Boer; practically, it is anti-English. I may confess to having had preconceived notions with regard to the final exit of Paul Kruger. I had an idea that, old, illiterate, narrow-minded, and grasping though he was, he would not fall in the manner he did. All the precepts against self-murder notwithstanding, I expected him to make an end in that way, or, if not thus, then by making a dignified surrender. I am not sufficiently opinionated unreservedly to condemn those who differ from me. "He who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day," is a principle commending itself to many as perfectly worthy of any great rebel—or, for the matter of that, of any would-be liberator of his country from the thrall of a supposed or real tyrant.

I am, therefore, not quarrelling with those who lay flowers and wreaths and visiting-cards and scraps of poetry at the feet of Kruger's immense portrait in the aforementioned pavilion. But, assuredly, there is no necessity for scribbling on every part of available white wall such offensive sentences as "Death to the English!" "Down with Roberts!" and other expressions of hostility to us. More than at any other time during the last six months, the English are at present the guests of France—paying guests, if one likes, but for all that, guests. If the sense of hospitality on the part of individuals is not strong enough to prevent them from committing such a breach of good manners, the authorities of the Exhibition could in this instance have used their power, as they used it in far more frivolous cases. Their neglect cannot be defended on the plea that the surreptitious action of individuals escapes their vigilance. Even if it does, it would be easy to efface those inscriptions or cause them to be effaced by the custodians of the pavilion every morning. This Boer Pavilion, I ought to add, stands amid the buildings of the British Colonies, consequently in the spot where Englishmen are likely to be, and in fact are, thickest. The Exhibition grounds, and all that therein is, ought to have been kept free from the faintest semblance of political strife. Monster petitions for the emancipation of this or that nation—irrespective of the sentiment that begot the inditing of them, are out of place there. The Finns have recently had cause to be dissatisfied with Russian treatment. I am not aware of there being a Finnish Pavilion at the world's fair, but there is a Norwegian house. How would it have been if the Norwegians had placed a long table there with enormous ledgers on it to receive the signatures of the academic would-be redressers of the wrong?

Something like this is being done at the Boer Pavilion. There are, moreover, urgent solicitations on the part of those apparently in charge of those ledgers for the signatures of the passing crowd. When there is a show of hesitation on the part of the invited, the formula is, "It won't cost you anything." The French, and notably the provincials, are particularly fond of a share in gratuitous proceedings; this is probably the reason why the tomes are black with names. There is also a collection-plate at that board. It is fairly filled with silver pieces; but, at a rough guess, I should say the specimens of calligraphy are as a thousand to one coin.

The whole of this is either a belated vestige or a renewal of the policy of "pin-pricks," and English visitors, annoyed though they may feel, do not take the slightest notice. They are acting very sensibly in taking a leaf from the book of Frederick the Great, who when his subjects began to jeer and to print manifestoes said, "They may shout and print whatever they like, as long as they let me do what-over I like." There is no danger of the French attempting to restore Paul Kruger by force as the President of the South African Republic. When the Exhibition is over the French will be confronted with a batch of home questions that will effectually prevent them from bestowing their attention on the affairs of other nations, whether the latter be distant or near. This does not imply the faintest likelihood of the Republic being overthrown. In the first place, there is no one to overthrow it. The one who attempts to do this must come with an immense military prestige like the First Napoleon, for the game of his nephew and successor on the Imperial Throne, the Third Napoleon, is virtually played out. It might have succeeded with his son had he been fortunate enough to return with a freshly conquered soldier's reputation from Zululand. Short of him, the attempt by either of his second cousins would be a forlorn hope. Prince Victor is apparently not the man with the grit in him of a daring pretender, and only a daring pretender would succeed. His brother Louis, a General in the Russian service, and who is at present in Paris, will not stir while his elder is alive. The Duc d'Orléans is, to put it mildly, the laughing-stock of all serious-minded men, including probably those who profess to hold Orleanist opinions. General Mercier, who is now a Senator, made such a muddle of the Madagascar Expedition as to have earned the contempt of the youngest lieutenant in the army who professes to get at the secrets of his profession by application and hard study. There is no need to extend the list of possible usurpers to General Dods and Colonel Marchand.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

H. COURTNEY FOX (Muswell Hill).—We will be glad to use No. 85 if all right, but No. 82 is too much a thing with "a past" for our use.

C. M. OSBORN.—We are glad to learn you mastered Mr. Cooper's problem, which deserves your praise.

N. I. COLE (Cork).—Your problem has not enough point or character. Try again.

G. DEVEY FARMER (Ainstock).—We fear we cannot credit you as you desire for No. 2941. In your first variation, for instance, 1. B to Q 5th, K to R 3rd; 2. B to K 5th, K to B 5th; 3. K to 4th, K takes R, and mate.

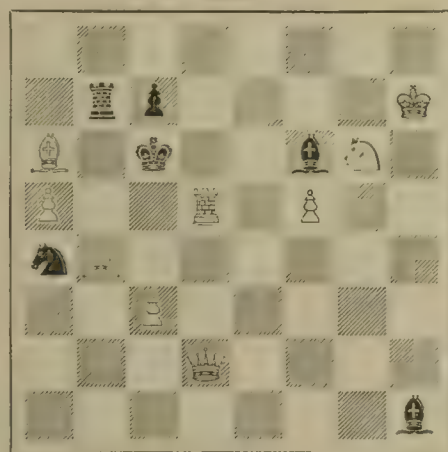
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2943 received from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2944 from Emile Frau, Charles Field junior (Athol, Mass.), and George Devey Farmer (Ainstock, Ontario); of No. 2945 from H. M. Lohr (West Tibury); of No. 2946 from Albert Wolff (Tubney); Miss D. Gresson, C. M. O. Buxton, and H. B. Brandreth (Merrill).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2947 received from H. Lo Jeune, F. R. Tackling, J. Hall, Albert Wolff, F. Dabry, Emile Frau, Alpha, Rupert Rogers (Stratford), F. B. (Worthing), Grangegorman, James Evans (Birkdale), T. G. (Ware), R. Womers (Canterbury), W. A. Barnard (Uppingham), C. E. H. (Clifton), J. H. Warburton Lee (Whitchurch), Mr. for Nangle (Dublin), Edith Cooper (Reigate), Rev. J. Mays (Belford), M. A. Eyre (Folkestone), Martin F., Clement C. Dancy, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Sorrento, N. I. Cole (Cork), W. H. Silk (Moseley), C. B. T. (Oxford), T. Roberts, W. von Bechenlaude, G. H. Bowden (disjoint), Julia Short, C. M. A. R. Dr. Goldsmith, Henry A. Donovan (Listowel), Miss D. Gresson, F. J. B. Hampstead, W. A. Collier (Chelsea), J. F. Moon, G. Stillington (Johnson (Cobham), Trial, Digby Coles-Predy (Duganewy), C. E. Perugini, Charles Barnett, F. W. Moore (Brighton), C. M. O. (Buxton), Shadforth, Edward J. Shurpe, F. W. C. Waddington, Hermit, R. B. Brandreth (Merrill), D. B. R. Olan, H. P. H. Harrison (Liverpool), J. Mullington (York), W. A. Lillico (Edinburgh), T. H. Barry (Bristol), and C. R. Shaw Stewart.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2948.—By E. J. COOPER.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to K 6th, K to K 7th. B to B 4th.
2. Kt to B 6th, ch. B takes Kt.
3. Q or P mates.
If Black play 1. K to Q 3rd, 2. Q to Kt 8th, ch; if 1. P takes R, 2. Q to B 3th, ch, etc.

PROBLEM No. 2949.—By H. GRAY.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LANCASHIRE.

Game played in the Championship Tourney between Dr. Shaw and Mr. J. C. BARNES.

(Alligator Gambit.)

WHITE (Dr. S.). BLACK (Mr. C.).
1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th.
2. P to K B 4th. P takes P.
3. Kt to K B 3rd. P to K 4th.
4. P to K R 4th. P to Kt 4th.
5. Kt to K 5th. P to K R 3rd.
6. Kt takes P. K takes Kt.
7. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
8. B takes P. B takes P.
9. B to B 4th, ch. K to Kt 3rd.
10. Kt to K 3rd. Kt to B 3rd.
11. Q to K 2nd. B to Kt 5th.
12. P to R 5th, ch. K to R 2nd.
13. Q to K 3rd. Kt to B 3rd.
14. Castles (Q R). B takes Kt.
15. P takes B. K to Kt 2nd.
16. Q R to B sq. Kt to K 2nd.
17. B to K 5th. B to B 4th.
18. B takes B.
19. White takes excellent judgment in offering this temporary sacrifice. It helps him to speedily win.
20. Q takes K P. Q takes P.
21. Q takes P (ch). Q to B 3rd.
22. B takes Kt. Q takes Kt.
23. B takes R (ch). Q to B 2nd.
24. Q takes Q (ch). K takes Q.
25. R to B sq, ch. K to K 2nd.
26. B to K 5th. R to K 3rd.
27. P to Kt 3rd. K to K 3rd.
28. R to B 6th, ch. K to Q 4th.
29. R takes P. P to B 3rd.
30. R to Kt 6th. R to K B sq.
31. P to R 6th. R to B 6th, ch.
32. K to K 2nd. R to Kt 8th.
33. R to Kt 7th. K to K 5th.
34. R to K 4th, ch.
A good ending. Now after 35. R to B 4th, and mate, win with advanced Pawn. By this win Dr. Shaw becomes the Lancashire champion.

Another game in the same Tourney between Dr. Shaw and Mr. R.

(Alligator Gambit.)

WHITE (Dr. S.). BLACK (Mr. B.).
1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th.
2. P to K B 4th. P takes P.
3. Kt to K B 3rd. P to Kt 4th.
4. P to K R 4th. P to Kt 4th.
5. Kt to K 5th. P to K R 3rd.
6. Kt takes P. K takes Kt.
7. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
8. B takes P. B takes P.
9. B to B 4th, ch. K to Kt 3rd.
10. Kt to K 3rd. Kt to B 3rd.
11. Q to K 2nd. B to Kt 5th.
12. P to R 5th, ch. K to R 2nd.
13. Q to K 3rd. Kt to B 3rd.
14. Castles (Q R). B takes Kt.
15. P takes B. K to Kt 2nd.
16. Q R to B sq. Kt to K 2nd.
17. B to K 5th. B to B 4th.
18. B takes B.
19. White takes excellent judgment in offering this temporary sacrifice. It helps him to speedily win.
20. Q takes K P. Q takes P.
21. Q takes P (ch). Q to B 3rd.
22. B takes Kt. Q takes Kt.
23. B takes R (ch). Q to B 2nd.
24. Q takes Q (ch). K takes Q.
25. R to B sq, ch. K to K 2nd.
26. B to K 5th. R to K 3rd.
27. P to Kt 3rd. K to K 3rd.
28. R to B 6th, ch. K to Q 4th.
29. R takes P. P to B 3rd.
30. R to Kt 6th. R to K B sq.
31. P to R 6th. R to B 6th, ch.
32. K to K 2nd. R to Kt 8th.
33. R to Kt 7th. K to K 5th.
34. R to K 4th, ch.
A good ending. Now after 35. R to B 4th, and mate, win with advanced Pawn. By this win Dr. Shaw becomes the Lancashire champion.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

If there is any subject that more than another crops up perennially in the columns of newspapers, as well as in conversation that is above the order of the club-chow kind, it is the question of pain in nature. Somehow or other this question is one in which we are all deeply interested. If there is one thing above all others that mankind hates, and that some of us are desperately afraid of, it is pain. The painless life alone is the healthy life. When you are well, you live a kind of negative existence. You are oblivious to the fact that you have a heart, lungs, or any internal organs at all. They are doing their work satisfactorily, and they do not advertise their presence in any way. "Happy the man who does not know he has a stomach." This was the French wit's belief, and it is a very correct expression of the fact that the first and chief characteristic of healthy life is its absolute painlessness. I take it that the French authority just quoted suffered from dyspepsia, in which case his knowledge of the existence of his digestive system would tend to be of a very practical and complete kind.

I have of late days been reading several contributions to the everlasting controversy about vivisection, and the right of man to experiment on animals for the purpose of discovering ways and means whereby disease may be combated and its ravages controlled. I can perfectly understand the attitude in this question of the opponents of experiment. It is not a light thing to think that pain must be inflicted even to save man from disease and death. I know many tender-hearted folks who think of physiologists as monsters in human guise, even when they read of experiments being conducted under anaesthetics. Therefore it is that I am trying to-day to give these tender souls a little comfort in respect of this matter of pain. They will not agree that the infliction of pain is a necessity for scientific advance, and I leave them in this belief. It is no part of my argument here to advocate experimentation of the kind to which they object; but I may make a convert or two to the scientific side if I show, as I hope to do, that there is, perchance, less pain suffered in such experimentation, and, indeed, less pain present in the whole world, than many of us might be inclined to believe.

Let us start fair in our argument. I say that the general run of thought tends to make us all suppose that the lower animals suffer pain which is equal to our own. This idea is universal. We accept it tacitly as a kind of understood and admitted fact of life which nobody can or does deny. It animates us when we see a dog run over, or a horse injured. It is present in the minds of the tender souls who think that a prick with a hypodermic-needle is a serious operation. I admit the humanity that dictates the thought; but truth and righteousness never yet flourished on false foundations, and I think we can be just as tender to the lower creation, just as humane to animals all round, and just as kind to our fellow men and women, if we do recognise that there is no one gauge of pain—that pain is a relative matter, like most other things in "this fine old world of ours."

To start with, let us think of a very plain, commonplace proposition. In order to suffer human pain, human misery, human agony, if you will, you must postulate the possession by the sufferer of a human brain and nervous system at large. This is such an obvious condition of things, that nobody, I opine, will attempt to controvert it. Now among human beings themselves there are all grades and degrees of pain-suffering. I mean by that that while a fit of the toothache, for example, will drive one man crazy, his neighbour will suffer and be strong under the infliction which Burns so graphically described. But if we take the general run of human pain, it must be the most severe the world knows—that is to say, in its worst phases. I have never wondered that metaphysicians have always felt the difficulty of reconciling the pain, say, of a cancer-patient, with the beneficent rule of the world, because it is so terrible and so agonising a thing even to think of a fellow-being tortured by such a disease. And, by the way, if ever cancer is to be cured—that is, if a remedy is to be found for it, I take leave to express the very decided opinion that it will only be discovered through research which will necessitate the infliction of pain on lower life.

If we descend next to that lower creation which includes all our "poor relations" and many more that are not near akin to ourselves, our proposition makes it abundantly clear that their pains cannot be measured by ours. Wanting a human nervous system, these pains must be infinitely less—absolutely and relatively—than those of man. Add to it all that the real element in man's agonies is the high consciousness he possesses of everything around him, and we may see that in the absence of this fullest development of the nervous functions, pain itself must mean a very different thing to the lower animal than it does to man. I believe, on the evidence of comparative physiology, that we have a descending scale in pain, from man, with his high degree of feeling, to zero in cold-blooded animals; and I think all the facts of life go to prove my idea to be true.

A greedy fish that has already been hooked and that has broken the line, and may have a couple of hooks already fixed in its jaw, will still attack the bait. Your dog whom you thrash for a fault, howls under the momentary sting of your whip, but next minute has forgotten all his aches. A horse with a compound fracture of his foreleg hobbles along the roadside, eating the grass complacently while waiting for the knacker's van. To me the thought that there is less pain in life than we usually imagine to be present is a very comforting reflection. The whole creation may groan and travail, but not at an equal rate. That which we all wish to see is pain lessened and happiness increased. I am afraid that in order to attain this most desirable, this heavenly end, we must inflict pain, that it may bring for us out of its agonies the peace we desire.

LADIES' PAGE.

Where shall I begin with the record of the multitudinous impressions of Paris mode at this most full season of the fashionable year? There is so much that is interesting; Well, first let me record that there is to be no great and marked change in the fashion of make in our gowns. The changes of dress styles, in fact, are rarely abrupt; it is a slow evolution that by degrees conducts us to a complete alteration. This is reasonable, as it enables those to whom expense is some consideration to remodel and use to a finish their more costly articles of attire; and it is also more pleasing to the eye than an abrupt change would be, since there is always something grotesque in an entirely fresh and unaccustomed style. Suppose we were suddenly to see somebody walk forth in the immense sleeves of the early "nineties"—how ridiculous they would seem! But we grew them, so to speak, by gradations during several seasons, and they appeared in each successive stage just merely increasingly *chic* and attractive. Now, in like manner, we are not plunging away from the natty bolero cut off at the waist or considerably above it; from the slightly trained, undraped skirt, narrow round the hips and flowing gracefully below the knee; from the tunic or the trimming that simulates it, with a flounce or a front-front of tiny frills below; from



A PRESENTATION TO GENERAL RADEN-POWELL.

Amongst General Raden-Powell's presentations is a massive sterling silver salver, presented by the loyalists of Middelburg, Cape Colony. The general design of the salver, including as it does ostrich feathers and beautifully modelled springlocks' heels, is appropriate to Middelburg, whilst the engraving on the face in delicate scroll-work includes the names of the places and regiments in which the gallant general has principally served. The salver was designed and modelled by her Majesty's silversmiths, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of London, Sheffield, and Johannesburg, after a design by Captain W. Hume Middelburg, of Middelburg, late 91st Highland.

second material is inserted—only so cut as to run on in the same sloping shape, just as if it were all of one piece of stuff. So I might continue—but enough, if it be understood that just as much fancy as you or your modiste may happen to possess may fearlessly be lavished on the sleeve in cutting up and filling in, retaining carefully the one general notion of an upper and under sleeve. I should mention that sleeves are very generally trimmed on the shoulders also, though often only by rows of stitchings or flat bands of the galon or passementerie employed for the trimming of the gown at large. Sometimes they are slashed open on the shoulder to allow a little piece of the material of the cuff to be seen. However, in every case, the effect remains flat; there is no fullness or fussiness at the shoulders, only a trimming at most.

On practically all the smart dresses there is seen a touch of gold. The Parisian dressmakers use it with great restraint. There is a mere line of it in the shape of cord or flat galon somewhere; or tags of it on ends of velvet ribbon (many of the tags are in handsome flagstone-work, and as long as the little finger); or several little gold buttons, or three or four large ones, making believe to be useful, but in reality designed for decorative ends; or, for more daring use on house and carriage gowns, the corselet-belt is entirely of gold tissue, or dotted over with studs of gold, or worked in a pattern with gold cord or galon. What will be seen in our midst when the cheap little dressmaker has grasped the notion of using gold trimming, and applies it to the decoration in accord with her sense of fitness of all and sundry, is an alarming reflection. But, used as the Parisian *couturière* is doing, it is quite charming to see again the rich tone which has been neglected for several seasons past.

Here are a few notes of gowns that I have taken in the leading Paris studios of fashion, or that I have seen at the great Paris autumn races at Longchamps. A red cloth, the foot of the skirt composed of a number of rows of piping, running roundwise, these headed by a band, some four inches wide, of a galon of black network embroidered with gold; above that the skirt is plain, with

a few rows of piping on the hips and a box-pleat at the back. Bodice blouse-shapel, drawn down under a black satin belt fastened with a *nouveau-art* buckle; a broad box-pleat passes right down the front of the bodice, and is decorated by gold and enamel buttons the size of a six-penny piece; beginning under this fold at the bust is a collar of the black and gold galon, that is here edged narrowly with black fringe, and thus passes over the shoulders. A yoke of finely pleated red silk, partly covered by both the front pleat and the collar of galon, comes nearest to the face, and is matched by deep cuffs of similar pleating, beginning where the upper sleeve turns back with a trimming of the galon. A brown zibeline cloth, trimmed round the foot with five rows of brown velvet ribbon, cut up the left side to show a very narrow pleated panel of white silk, across which pass bars of brown velvet ribbon, each bearing on it three little gold fancy ornaments ending in tags. Bodice coat-shape, with short basque, closed at left side with similar fastenings, and strapped all over with brown velvet ribbon in lines.

Our two costumes are very up-to-date this week, both having the fashionable short bolero. One illustration is of a cloth gown, built in two shades, trimmed with narrow bands of black velvet; the velvet is laid on the bell sleeves and bolero in a fanciful pattern. The hat is of black velvet and wings. The other is of a cloth dress



A CLOTH DRESS BRAIDED WITH SILVER.

the deep guimpe, looking as if the frock had been originally cut down for evening wear and then capriciously filled in to the throat with a smart embroidered or lace-covered or chiffon yoke. No, none of these details have departed from the winter styles. Nevertheless, the evolution of Fashion is continuous, and there are many indications by which the eye at once recognises the up-to-date gown.

I have hardly seen a new model that has not shown me some fresh cut in the matter of sleeve. Simplicity itself, of course, is the bell-shaped top sleeve, cut off somewhere between the elbow and the wrist, and filled in down to the wrist with a puff of muslin, chiffon, or silk; or, perchance, if the whole gown be in two materials, it will be one of the two that will serve as the wrist-puff, while the other forms the top sleeve. The Paris name for the full-edged over-sleeve, by the way, is the "pagoda" shape. But, given this double sleeve as the primary notion, the groundwork of the idea, and the dressmaker is at liberty to be as various in detail as her own imagination can conceive. The over-sleeve can be carried down nearly to the wrist in the pagoda shape, and then slit up the back to the elbow, with the under-sleeve appearing for a few inches at the wrist and right up the back slashes. The top-sleeve can end at the elbow, with or without a cuff there, and the soft material of the under-sleeve be gathered at three or four places so as to present a succession of full puffs to the wrist. The upper sleeve can be just cut off and hemmed under, or it can turn back with a trimmed deep cuff, or it may be cut round in points, and their outline followed above the under-sleeve with embroidery or rows of galon. The pagoda or bell shape may continue in an unbroken form to the wrist, falling loose over the back of the hand; but somewhere in the course of its track the material of the top will come to an end, and the



A CLOTH GOWN TRIMMED WITH VELVET.

braided on skirt and bodice with silver, and black velvet bands. The hat is of velvet and plumes.

With all dresses much jewellery is worn, and pearls, in the form of a single-row necklace by day and as many rows as you please by gas or electric light, are quite *de rigueur* for the smart woman. What a fortunate thing for those who cannot afford the extremely costly genuine article, that the Parisian Diamond Company offers us such perfect artificial productions! A genuine pearl row may be safely worn in company with one of their necklaces, as may be believed after seeing the fine display they have at Regent Street or Bond Street or Burlington Arcade, their three establishments.

"When doctors disagree"—no unusual event! Some doctors tell us there is nothing like woollen under-wear for winter; but here are several others saying that linen in the form of Dr. Deimel's "Linen Mesh" under-clothing is far better. They explain that while wool is pre-eminently suited for outer clothing in the winter on account of its slow conducting and moisture-absorbing powers, it should really not be worn next to the skin, as it excites too much perspiration and then fails to carry off this moisture sufficiently quickly. The "linen mesh," on the contrary, absorbs and carries off all effete matter excreted by the skin, and at the same time, owing to the air heated by the body being held in the meshes, is as warm as wool. "Dr. Deimel's Linen Mesh" is as smooth and soft as any woollen garment. It claims to protect one from "taking cold," and is specially recommended to those who suffer from rheumatism. A booklet with patterns and further details can be obtained from the Deimel Fabric Company, 10, Broad Street, E.C. PILMENA.



A YEOMANRY SHIELD.

The sterling silver shield depicted above was presented to Captain J. E. Laycock, Sherwood Rangers Yeomanry, by the non-commissioned officers and men of the New York troop, as a mark of esteem on his return from the campaign in South Africa. It was designed and modelled by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Oxford Street, W., and Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., and supplied through Messrs. G. W. Ford and Son, of Newark.

"PERFECT—and so PEERLESS."

Tempest, Act III., Scene I.



**AN
HISTORIC
HOUSE.**

*J. S. FRY and SONS,
Limited,
Cocoa and Chocolate
Manufacturers
by Special Appointment
to
Her Most Gracious Majesty*

ESTABLISHED 1728.



Fry's

**PURE
CONCENTRATED**

"WITHOUT AN EQUAL."

—DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

Cocoa

300 GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—*Sold only in Tins with Gilt Tobs.*



THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB'S AUTUMN TOUR: VISIT TO LORD LLANGATTOCK'S SEAT, THE HENDRE, NONMOUTHSHIRE.

Several of the party were entertained by Lord Llangatock, others drove to Tintern, Symond's Yat, and other points of interest in the valley of the Wye.

Mappin & Webb's
(Ltd.)

**PRESENTATION
SILVER
PLATE.**



ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES:

2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.; & 158 TO 162, OXFORD ST., W.

(Facing the Mansion House).

MANUFACTORY AND SHOW-ROOMS: THE ROYAL WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

MANCHESTER: ST. ANN'S SQ.

NICE: PLACE JARDIN PUBLIC.

JOHANNESBURG: 8, VON BRANDIS SQ.



MONKEY BRAND
for Harness and Stable Fittings.

MONKEY BRAND
for Linoleum and Oilcloths.

MONKEY BRAND
for all Home Uses.

Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, have received from the PARIS EXHIBITION
Awards as follows—

3 GRANDS PRIX, 4 GOLD MEDALS, 1 SILVER MEDAL,
for the Purity and Excellence of their

MONKEY BRAND

AND OTHER SOAPS.

MONKEY BRAND
for Metals and Marble

MONKEY BRAND
for Paint

MONKEY BRAND
for Kitchen Tables and Floors.

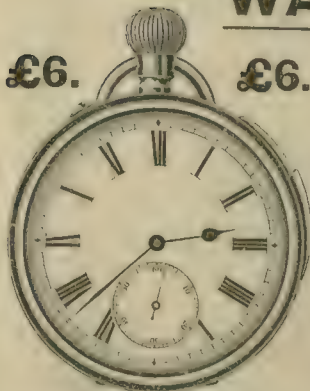
MONKEY BRAND—WON'T WASH CLOTHES.



THE RETURN OF OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS: THE C.I.V.'S' FIRST ENGAGEMENT AT JACOBSDAL ON FEBRUARY 16.

At Jacobsdal the C.I.V. Imperial Volunteers received their baptism of fire, and had the honour of being the first to enter the town. Lord Roberts, in his despatch, placed it on record that the corps "behaved most gallantly."

WATCHES.



Solid Silver Repeater Watch, Fully Jewelled.
Keyless Lever Movement, with Patent Bounce
Spring and Compensation Balance, striking
and Repeating Hours and Quarters on Richly
Toned Case.

Solid Silver or Oxydised, £6.

THE GOLDSMITHS COMPANY'S WATCHES

are the Finest Manufactured, and are supplied
at Manufacturers' Cash Prices. Purchasers are
thus enabled to buy the highest quality Watches
at prices far below those charged by houses
offering long credit, a system entailing high
prices and bad debts, for which cash buyers have
to compensate.

"A TRIUMPH IN WATCHMAKING."

REPEATER WATCH.

IN SOLID SILVER CASE, WITH KEYLESS
LEVER MOVEMENT.

£6 0 0.

Intending Purchasers should inspect the
Company's Stock of Watches, or write for their
Special Watch List before deciding elsewhere.

ILLUSTRATED LISTS
of Inexpensive

SOUVENIRS OF THE BOER WAR
Post Free.

THE
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Telephone: 3729.

(Adjoining Stereoscopic Company.) Telegrams: "Arzennon," London.



PETER ROBINSON'S WORLD-FAMED "CORSET TAILLEUR."

In Fine Coutille, Black or White ...	8.11	In Sky, Pink, Cardinal, or Black Satin ...	29.6
Ditto, First Quality, with extra Busk ...	17.9	In Rich Brocades ...	52.6

Sent on approval if desired.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD., OXFORD ST.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST,



And 164, 166, & 170, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

Irish Linen & Damask Manufacturers and Furnishers to
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, THE EMPRESS FREDERICK,
Members of the Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe.

Supply the Public with Every Description of

HOUSEHOLD LINENS.

From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the World, which, being Woven by Hand, wear
longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate
profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods

FULL DETAILED ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS AND SAMPLES POST FREE.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent Direct to Belfast.

The Original & Genuine Harvey's Sauce is now called



It is prepared from the century-old recipe of the celebrated Peter Harvey, and still put up with the old label, but with the addition of the words "Lazenby's Sauce" in red ink across the label, to enable the public to recognise the Original and Genuine Harvey's Sauce. Lazenby's Sauce owes its long-continued popularity to its peculiarly delicate and mellow flavour, character of the materials to the skill and care with short of the best that could into its composition. The preferable to maintain the for ten decades than to with the numerous Sauces of since flooded the market. It is, therefore, the identically same Sauce as that which delighted the palates of the most fastidious epicures of the last century. It is appetising and relishable, without being high-flavoured; mellow, pure and digestible, and now, as a hundred years ago, the favourite sauce of connoisseurs.

See that the Label
bears the words
LAZENBY'S SAUCE
in Red Ink.

LAZENBY'S SAUCE (formerly known as Harvey's Sauce) is served at all First-Class Hotels and Restaurants, and is sold by the leading Grocers and Stores.

PREPARED ONLY BY

E. LAZENBY & SON, LTD., 18, Trinity Street, LONDON, S.E.



Over Two Thousand Prizes

amounting to Hundreds of Pounds in cash will be given for the largest collections of

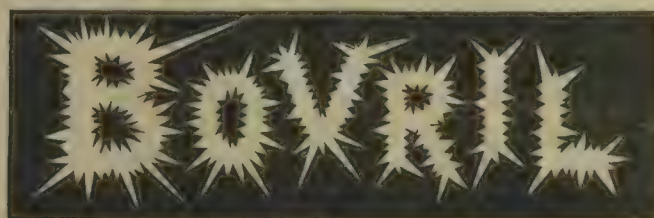
BOVRIL ADVERTISEMENTS

published in newspapers, periodicals, and magazines during
NOVEMBER.

FIRST PRIZE	£50 Cash.
Five Prizes each	£10 „
Fifty „ „	£1 „
1000 „ „	5s. „

and 1000 2-oz. bottles of Bovril.

For full particulars see large advertisements, or send stamped addressed envelope to Bovril Limited, Old Street, London, E.C.



Bovril Limited recommend VIROL for the young.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Christian Social Union made excellent arrangements for Lord Rosebery's meeting at the Holborn Town Hall. Places were kept in the balcony for members of the Union who desired to hear the ex-Premier, and a few rows in front were reserved for half-crown ticket-holders, but the body of the hall was free to the public. Many wished that St. James's Hall or the Queen's Hall, which are more conveniently situated, could have been engaged for so important an occasion.

Canon Newbolt has borne testimony to the fraternal spirit which prevailed at the Fulham Conference. "We felt," he said, "that we were brothers there. However much we may differ, nothing could make us forget that we were priests and laymen of the same Church, that our differences may, after all, vanish, and that at any rate they are less than people suspect." Canon Newbolt was careful to divulge none of the secrets of the Conference table.

Dr. Marks, the eminent Burmese missionary, who was invalided home two years ago, has sailed once more for Rangoon. Dr. Marks laboured for over forty years in the service of the S.P.G. in Burma, and there is no idea of his re-entering permanently this arduous field. He is merely paying a farewell visit to old scenes and friends, and he hopes to arrange for the building of a new mission chapel at Rangoon.

Another S.P.G. missionary, the Rev. Frank Norris, has earned a high tribute of praise from Dr. Morrison for his gallantry at Peking. He superintended under heavy fire the construction of the defences in exposed places. Mr. Norris speaks Chinese fluently, and was most successful in inspiring the native Christians with his own courage.

The Bishop of London, who has been suffering from a severe form of nervous dyspepsia, will not be allowed to preach or give addresses till December. He carries on his correspondence, and attends to the business of the diocese as usual, but the doctors discourage him from seeing many visitors.

Ministers and members of all denominations were present in the great congregation, which Dr. Maclaren addressed at the Metropolitan Tabernacle last week.

Mr. Spurgeon held a private reception behind the scenes before the service began, and many of his brethren sought him out in the Pastor's vestry. The most

conspicuous object in the room is the bust of C. H. Spurgeon, which was blackened and stained by the fire. Mr. Spurgeon has been told that if the bust could be buried in soil for a time the marble would regain its original whiteness.

The Bishop of Natal has accepted the benefice of St. Mary's, Nottingham, which was offered him by the Bishop of Southwell. Dr. Baynes was curate of St. Mary's twenty years ago, then vicar of St. James's, Nottingham, domestic chaplain to Archbishop Benson, and finally vicar of Christ Church, Greenwich. He has held his present see for seven years.

Everyone must admire the Archbishop of Canterbury's unwearied energy in the cause of Temperance. He has three Bills ready, which the Bishops will put forward in the coming Session. It must be a great disappointment to Dr. Temple that Parliament, in spite of all his efforts, has done little or nothing to restrict the drink traffic. Probably his own name will be remembered not so much for the legislation he has promoted as for the noble personal example he has set to his countrymen.

Dr. Ridgeway's appointment to the rectory of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, adds one other name to the none too lengthy list of popular preachers in Central London. At St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, Dr. Ridgeway drew very large congregations, specially during the season. He is a moderate High Churchman, and with his keen interest in social reforms is admirably fitted to carry on the traditions of St. Botolph's.

Messrs. William Doig and Co., 174, New Bond Street, W., are issuing an excellent engraving of Mr. John Charlton's picture of the Diamond Jubilee Celebration. Her Majesty signed the first proof with her own hand, and authorised her signature to be reproduced on each copy of the national picture.

Sir Henry Irving has received a letter from the American Ambassador, in which his Excellency, while enclosing his cheque for £50, conveys his cordial thanks to Sir Henry and to the ladies and gentlemen who so generously lent their aid to the Galveston matinee. A sum exceeding twelve hundred pounds, the profits on the entertainment, will be handed to the fund.

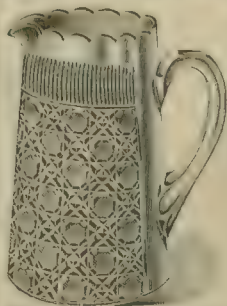


THE CRISIS IN CHINA: BOXERS CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH AWAITING SENTENCE.

Sketch (fraisaille) by our Special Artist, Mr. John Schönborg.

PHILLIPS'S

Ltd.



RICHLY CUT ENGLISH CRYSTAL JUG.

1-pint, 12s.; 1-pint, 16s.; 2-pint, 25s.; 3-pint, 31s. 6d.; 4-pint, 38s.

Her Majesty's Pottery and Glass Manufacturers.

19, 20, 21, 22, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.

AND

125 & 127, CANNON ST., E.C.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

TEA SETS.

BREAKFAST SETS.

DINNER SETS.

TOILET SETS.

DESSERT SETS.

LUNCHEON SETS.

GLASS SETS.



SPIRIT BOTTLE.

Finest English Cut Crystal.

11s. each.

Samples of Services on Approval.

Carriage Paid.

WATER ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM DISEASE GERMS

BY USING

THE BERKEFELD FILTER

Price of Filter H, as Sketch, 42s.

Smaller Size F, 30s.

Glass and Earthenware Table Filters, from 8s. 6d.

IN USE IN THE PRINCIPAL HOSPITALS.

Can be easily and cheaply fitted to the Service Pipe of any House having ordinary pressure.

FITTED IN LONDON BY OWN PLUMBERS AT COST PRICE.

Offices and Show-Rooms—

THE BERKEFELD FILTER CO., LTD., 121, Oxford Street, London, W.

City Depot—SCHACHT, WARNER, and CO., 55, Finsbury Street, E.C.

Sole Agents for Manchester and District—MOTTE'S HEAD & CO., 7, Fenchurch Street, Manchester.



Extract from the Special Report to the "British Medical Journal" on "The Berkefeld Filter of Water Filters," by Dr. J. W. Woodhead and C. A. Wright (Woodhead, 22, 1888).

"Experiments were carried out with the Filter H, an exceedingly good model, which seems to subvert the function of a filter better than any we have yet seen described."

"The output is so large that there is no reason why such filters should not supply sufficient water for all household requirements."

"These Berkefeld Filters afford complete protection against the contamination of water-borne disease."

FULL ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST AND TESTIMONIALS FREE ON APPLICATION.

VISIT TO SHOW-ROOM INVITED.

Nutrient Value double that of Ordinary Chocolate.

SAVORY & MOORE'S

Peptonised Milk-Chocolate.

(Patent)

A preparation for eating of the most well-known Peptonised Milk and Cocoa.

Extreme Digestibility. Indigestion Flavour.

Chemists to the Queen and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

LONDON.

In Boxes 2/6. In Packets 1/6, 6/6.

The finest Perfumes in the World are

MÜLHENS' RhineViolets

and the No. 4711 brand

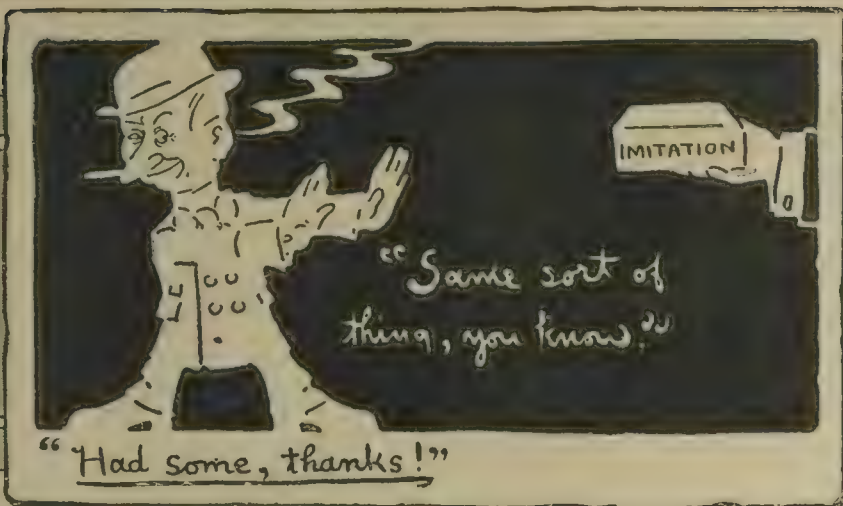
Eau de Cologne

MÜLHENS' RHINEVIOLETS 3/6, 5/6, 9/- and 20/- per bottle

MÜLHENS' No. 4711 EAU DE COLOGNE 1/-, 2/-, 3/6, 4/6, 6/6 and 12/6 per bottle. (Original case of 6, 12/6 post free.)

OF ALL FIRST CLASS DEALERS IN PERFUMES OR DIRECT FROM

MÜLHENS' 4711 DEPOT, 62, NEW BOND ST. W.



*That is to say, gently but firmly
refuse all Imitations of*

OGDEN'S

'GUINEA-GOLD' CIGARETTES

Its Aromatic Fragrance

and its delicious flavour commend it to the weak and strong; its easy digestibility makes it safe and agreeable to the most delicate constitution; its nourishing and flesh-forming qualities produce the best effects in children and overworked women; its stimulating and vitalising properties make it the ideal drink for men.

Rowntree's Elect Cocoa is one of the most economical of foods. Especially now, when nearly every other article of food consumed by the working classes is materially advanced in price, the nutritious qualities and low cost of Rowntree's Cocoa make it particularly acceptable.



HIS TURN NOW.

Rowntree's

ELECT COCOA

Of all Grocers, Confectioners, Chemists, &c.
In Tins, 6d., 9d., 1s. 6d., and 3s.

HENNESSY'S

THREE STAR

BRANDY

Genuine Brandy.
Bottled in Cognac.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 8, 1896) of Henry Edmund, 13th Viscount Mountgarret, of 77, South Audley Street, who died on Aug. 26, was proved on Oct. 13 by Henry Edmund Viscount Mountgarret, the son, and Edward Arthur Whittick, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £324,079. The testator gives his residence, 27, Lansdowne Place, Leamington, with the household effects, and the furniture, plate, &c., at his town house, to his daughter Frances Sarah Whittick; £5000 each to his granddaughters Elinor Frances Lawson and Edith Mary Butler; £2000 each to his great granddaughters Marjory Elinor and Mary Brown; and the remainder of his stocks, shares, bonds, and money in equal shares to his son and daughter. His estates in Kilkenny and Wexford are to be held, upon trust, for his son for life, with remainder to his grandson Edmund Somerset Butler, and his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated March 30, 1900) of Mr. William A. Mitchison, J.P., of the Manor House, Sunbury, died on Aug. 9, has been proved by the Rev. Richard Atwin Mitchison, Herbert Sturges Mitchison, and Arthur M. Mitchison, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £135,209. The testator leaves all his property to his sons.

The will (dated July 22, 1898) of Captain Charles Baldwin Childe, late Royal Horse Guards, of Kinlet Hall,

The will (dated April 3, 1900) of Mr. Frederick William Mortimer, of Strathburn, Shillingford, Oxford, and 36, Conduit Street, Regent Street, who died on Aug. 2, was proved on Oct. 11 by William Henry Forster and Frederick Charles Fisher, the executors, the value of the estate being £57,095. The testator gives £1000, an annuity of £3000, his household furniture and effects, and the use for life of his freehold residence and the two villas adjoining, to his wife, Mrs. Janet Mortimer; and an annuity of £300 to his nephew Mortimer Fisher. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his nephew Mortimer Fisher.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1895) of Mr. John Griffith Wynn Griffith, J.P., of Llanfair Hall, Llanfair, Carnarvon, who died on June 28, was proved on Oct. 5 by Mrs.

Annabella Sarah Wynn Griffith, the widow, William Christopher Higgins Burne, and Lewes Rees Thomas, the executors, the value of the estate being £77,218. The testator devises his freehold, leasehold, and copyhold lands and premises in Carnarvon, Merioneth, and elsewhere, upon trust, for his wife, for life, with remainder to his brother Henley Wynn Griffith, for life, with remainder to his brothers' first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male, but charged with the payment of annuities of £50 each to his brothers and £15 per annum each to his servants John Egerton and Thomas Francis Hopkins. The residue of his property is to be held upon like trusts as those of his settled estates.

The will (dated April 22, 1893), with a codicil (dated July 21, 1894), of Mr. Thomas Clinterbuck, J.P., of Warkworth, Northumberland, who died on June 6, was proved on Sept. 20 at the Newcastle District Registry by Charles Arthur Fellowes and Lyonell Barlow, the nephews, and Henry Augustus Paynter, the executors, the value of the estate being £56,692. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to his nieces Alethra Barlow and Charlotte Barlow; £1000 North-Eastern Railway Stock, upon trust, for Mary Ann Forster, for life, and then for Alfred Fellowes, Harold Barlow, and Francis John Barlow; £4500 each, upon trust, for his sisters Mrs. Frances Ann Fellowes and Mrs. Charlotte Eliza Barlow, for life, and then for their daughters; £500 each to his executors; his mining property, upon trust, for his nephew Algernon

TRELOAR AND SONS

ORIENTAL CARPETS.

TURKEY, PERSIAN, and INDIAN CARPETS,
DAGHESTAN RUGS, &c.

ANTIQUE CARPETS and RUGS.

Illustrations of Turkey Carpets sent free on application.

TURKEY CARPETS

Have lately been supplied by **TRELOAR and SONS** to the following Institutions, &c.—

The CONSERVATIVE CLUB, St. James's St.	The 2nd ROYAL WILTS REGIMENT, Portsmouth.
The UNITED SERVICE CLUB, Pall Mall.	The 4th BATTALION KING'S ROYAL RIFLES, Aldershot.
The ROYAL MARINES, Chatham.	The ROYAL MARINE ARTILLERY, Eastney.
The FRENCH HOSPITAL, Victoria Park.	The ROYAL MARINES, Gosport.
The LAW SOCIETY CLUB, Chancery Lane.	
The ROYAL MARINES, Devonport.	

*If favoured with inquiries we will quote price and forward on approbation
any Carpets or Rugs upon receipt of reference or remittance.*

TRELOAR AND SONS

68, 69, and 70, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

[illegible]

1. TAYLOR, Chemist, 11 Baker Street, London, W.

DALE and SON, INC. REFERENCE TO THE WORK



There's **Security** in

CARTER'S

LITTLE

LIVER

PILLS

ABSOLUTELY CURE
Dyspepsia, Indigestion,
Dizziness, Flashes of
Heat, Nausea, Drowsi-
ness, Acid Eructations,
Bad Taste in the Mouth,
Coated Tongue, Black
Specks floating before
the Eyes, Flatulency,
Wind about the Heart.

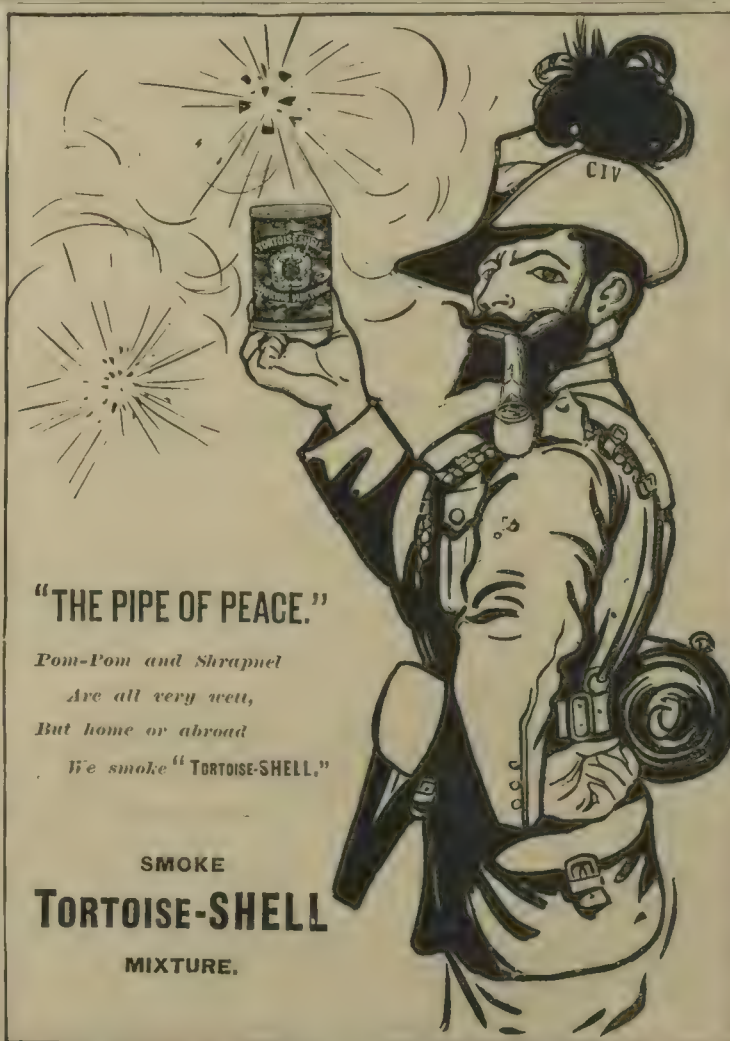
Pains between the Shoulder Blades, Bilious, Sick and Nervous Headaches, Distress from too Hearty Eating, Constipation, Yellow Skin, Heartburn, Pasty Complexion, Sluggish Liver, Great Mental Depression, and a general feeling of being below par.

1. Test tubes, 134d. Of all chemists. Note steel-engraved labels with letters on white ground, and name of proprietors, Carter Medicine Co. Dose: one at night; but the first night take three.

They "TOUCH" the LIVER.

But be SURE they are **CARTER'S.**

Small Pill,
Small Dose,
Small Price.



"THE PIPE OF PEACE."

Pom-Pom and Shrapnel

Are all very well.

But home or abroad?

We smoke "TORTOISE-SHELL."

SMOKE
TORTOISE-SHELL
MIXTURE.

20 MONTHLY PAYMENTS
OBTAINABLE ON "The Times" NOVEL PLAN OF
OF £1 5s. AT CATALOGUE CASH PRICES.

Accuracy of Performance and Great Durability are the Proven Merits of

BENSON'S £25 Renowned "FIELD" WATCH Gold

Gold

THAT
NAME

"A. W. Benson"

on a Watch is a guarantee that the
Timekeeping is the BEST.

FREE. OUR ILLUSTRATED BOOK of Watches, Rings, Jewellery, &c., with ORDER FORM, Post Free. A "Field" Watch always has the word "FIELD" engraved on the works, and is FULLY GUARANTEED.

J. W. BENSON, LTD., Steam Factory, 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.4.
And 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

ALFA-LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS.

OVER
400
FIRST PRIZES.

Every ALFA-LAVAL is put to a thorough and practical test in our own Dairy before being sent out, and is guaranteed to perfectly separate the quantity of milk stated. Saves Time and Labour, and produces

**10 to 20
per cent.**

MORE BUTTER

than any other competing method of skimming known.

Unrivalled as a Purifier of Whole-Milk intended for direct consumption.

"The ALFA-LAVAL again showed its superiority, and carried off both First Prize and Special Silver Medal."—Official Report, Royal Agricultural Society's Show, Maidstone, 1899.



OVER
200,000
MACHINES SOLD.

SALES GREATLY EXCEED
THOSE OF ALL OTHER MAKES
COMBINED.

NEW 1899 MODEL

Beware of Infringements.

PRINCIPAL AGENCIES:
GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND, and
BRITISH INDIA.—DAIRY
SUPPLY CO., Ltd., 28, Museum
Street, London, W.C.

VICTORIA.—J. BARTRAM & SON,
King Street, Melbourne.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—A. W.
SANDFORD & CO., Adelaide.

NEW SOUTH WALES & QUEENSLAND.—WAUGH & JOSEPHSON,
Sussex Street, Sydney.

NEW ZEALAND.—MASON,
STRUTHERS & CO., Christchurch.

SOUTH AFRICA.—HOWARD
FARRAR, ROBINSON & CO.,
Ltd., Port Elizabeth.

Aktiebolaget Separator, Stockholm, Sweden.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S BAROMETERS & THERMOMETERS Of Guaranteed Accuracy and FOR ALL PURPOSES.



Illustrated
Price Lists free
by post
to all parts of
the World.



SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT MAKERS
TO THE QUEEN.

38, HOLBORN VIADUCT.

Remover—43, COIN HILL; 122, REGENT STREET.
Two Gold Medals Awarded at Paris Exhibition, 1900.



NO MORE ASTHMA

FROM THIS MOMENT.
Awarded one hundred thousand francs Gold
and Silver Medals and admitted to be un-
rivalled. Particulars gratis and post free from
DR. CLERY, MARSEILLES, FRANCE.

DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL

The Most Efficacious
Remedy for Diseases of the

CHEST, THROAT, DEBILITY, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, RICKETS, &c.

ESTIMATED VALUE.—"A pint of Dr. De Jongh's Oil is of more value than a quart of any other."

It is sold by all Chemists in Capsuled Imperial Half-Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.
See Testimonials surrounding each Bottle.

Sole Consignees: ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., Ltd, 210, High Holborn, London.

ADAMS'S FURNITURE POLISH.

THE OLDEST AND BEST.

"The Queen."—Feels no hesitation in recom-
mending its use.—Dec. 22, 1883.

Unequalled for its Brilliance and
Cleanliness.

It Cleans, Polishes, and Preserves Furniture, Brown Boots,
Patent Leather, and Varnished or Enamelled Goods.

VICTORIA PARK WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

ALL GOODS SOLD AT WHOLESALE PRICES, & SENT FREE & SAFE BY POST. DESIGNS ARE EXACT SIZE. PLEASE WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF NOVELTIES IN JEWELLERY, SILVER & ELECTRO PLATE. 4000 Illustrations, POST FREE.

SPECIAL.—The Association of Diamond Merchants, Ltd., 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C., give highest prices for Precious Stones, Secondhand Jewellery and Old Gold. Anything sent to them receives attention by return of post. An Assortment of Secondhand Goods always in Stock.

Estimates and Sketches for Monograms and Names in Diamonds or Gold, free on application.

1900

New Diamond Brooch, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 whole Pearl, £24 4s. Bracelet to match, £5 5s. A Brooch, in second quality Diamonds, without Pearl, £2 17s. 6d.

Choice White Brilliants, £31 10s. Smaller sizes in Stock.

Diamond Partridge Scarf Pin, £4 4s. Smaller sizes, £3 3s. All Gold, £1 13s. Phoenix, Grapes, Wild Duck, Snipe, Woodcock, Gamecock, same prices.

New Diamond Star Brooch-Pendant, or Hair Ornament, £5. Choice whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £5 5s. A variety of larger size Stars in Stock.

These 5 Stars mounted as Tiers, £60, or sold separately at £17 15s., £13 15s., & £3 17s. 6d.

New Moon Brooch, containing 23 Choice White Brilliants, £21. Smaller size, £15 10s. Same Brooch in Rose Diamonds, £10 10s. and £7 7s.

Large and Smaller Brooches always in Stock.

Sizes New Moon in Stock.

New Tie Brooch, containing 44 Diamonds, £5 5s.

Ostrich-Feather Fan, 15 in. long.

Black on Shell, £3 3s. 2nd qual., £2 2s. White on Pearl, £5 5s. " " £4 4s. Natural on Shell, £2 4s. " " £3 10s. Superior Fans up to £9 9s. kept in stock. Marabout Mouchette Fans, £7 15s., £11 15s., £14 14s.

Handsome Half-Hoop Rings, All Brilliants, £25; Rubies and Brilliants, £65; Sapphires and Brilliants, £55. Set of Three, £195.

Best Gold Scarf Pin, 7s. 6d. Smaller size, 5s.

AWARDED PRIZE MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION 1900.

THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELLERS, & SILVERSMITHS.
DIAMOND CUTTING FACTORY AMSTERDAM 6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE LONDON W.C. TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS "RUSPOLI LONDON"

The Wolsey Unshrinkable Underclothing

Made in various Textures and Qualities for all Seasons for LADIES', CHILDREN'S, and GENTS' Wear.



ENGLISH MADE.

Wolsey Garments are Guaranteed All Wool. They NEVER SHRINK, and as a proof of good faith, the manufacturers will replace, free of charge, any Garment Shrunken in Washing.

Of all Hosiery, Drapers, and Outfitters.

Insist on having the WOLSEY Brand. No garment is genuine unless bearing our Trade Mark.

BENGER'S FOOD FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

GOLD MEDAL, Health Exhibition, London.

"Benger's Food" has, by its excellence, established a reputation of its own."

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

Delicious, Nutritive, Digestible.

"Retained when all other Foods are rejected. It is invaluable."

—LONDON MEDICAL RECORD.

Benger's Food is sold in TINS by Chemists, &c., Everywhere.

Barlow; and many other legacies. He devises his residence and his estate at Whittle, upon trust, for his said nephew Algernon, and the furniture and household effects are to devolve as heirlooms and to be held therewith. The residue of his property he leaves between the children of his said two sisters, except his nephew Algernon Barlow, and such nephew who shall be in receipt of the rents and profits of the Shotesham estate.

The will (dated June 24, 1896), with a codicil (dated Dec. 9, 1898), of Colonel Gray Townsend Skipwith, of Loversall Hall, near Doncaster, who died on Aug. 13, was proved on Oct. 13 by Mrs. Sophia Flora Skipwith, the widow, and Francis Cadwallader Adams, the executors, the value of the estate being £18,738. The testator bequeaths the cash in the house and at his bankers and the accrued dividends on all his securities to his wife; £200 each to his children by his present wife; £100 to his sister Frances Annabella Skipwith; £10 each to the Church Missionary Society, the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, and the Church of England Incorporated Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays; and legacies to his cousins. A sum of £14,000 is to be

held, upon trust, to pay £2000 each to his children Fulwar Estotville, Mary Effie, James Wemyss, and Frederick, and the income of the remainder thereof to his wife, for life, and then for his said four children. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her decease, as to his premises called Avon House, Tunbridge Wells, to his son Fulwar, and the ultimate residue as to one moiety each to the children of his present and former marriages.

The will of Mr. George Alexander Carr, of Waltham Grove, Great Grimsby, timber importer, who died on July 17, was proved on Aug. 21 by Sir James Smith, Mr. Samuel Walton Smith, Mr. Joys Parker, and Mr. John Henry Robinson, the executors, the value of the estate being £41,491. After giving legacies of £200 each to his executors; £1000 to the Grimsby and District Hospital; bequests to certain of his brothers and sisters; an annuity of £300 a year to his brother Mr. R. F. Carr; legacies to his clerks and servants who had been in his employ over five years; a bequest of shares, etc., of the value of £10,750 to his niece Miss Edith Carr-Smith, he gives the residue of his estate to his nephew Mr. Frank Clifford

Smith, provided he assumed his name and arms within twelve months of his death.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1894), with a codicil (dated Jan. 2, 1896), of Mrs. Mary Ann Newland, of Rathgar, Branksome Park, Bournemouth, who died on Sept. 4, has been proved by John James Leyland Newland, the son, and Benjamin Charles Pond, the executors, the value of the estate being £34,772. She gives her freehold land and premises at Byfleet, with the rose and lavender business, plant, stills and stock-in-trade, and other land at Chertsey to her son; £4700 to her daughter Catherine Mary Ann McMullen; £2000 to her daughter Sarah Ann Crawford; £1500 each to her daughters Alice Maude and Ada Edith; £3700 to her daughter Mary Ann Gertrude; and she also gives to her daughters certain houses and lands at Waudsworth and Byfleet. The residue of her property she leaves to her children.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1896) of Lady Elizabeth Emma Hamilton, widow of Lord Claud Hamilton, and second daughter of the late Earl of Carysfort, of 2, Draycott Place, Chelsea, who died on June 24 at Hind Head House, Haslemere, was proved on Oct. 15 by Douglas


COLT'S
NEW "SERVICE"
45s. Cal., as supplied to Her
Majesty's War Department.
NEW "POCKET"
REVOLVERS
AND
LIGHTNING MAGAZINE RIFLES.
Price Lists Free.
COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MFG CO.,
26, Glasshouse Street, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.



STONE'S
LETTER FILES, OFFICE & LIBRARY
FURNITURE, MUSIC CABINETS,
AND OTHER
**TIME
SAVING
SPECIALITIES**
CHARMING,
NOVEL,
USEFUL,
PRESENTS.
SOLD BY
STATIONERS,
FURNITURE
DEALERS.
HENRY STONE & SON, LTD.
NEW SHOW ROOMS
62 BERNERS ST OXFORD ST LONDON, W.
WORKS, BANBURY



EXCELSIOR IN ALL SIZES
PHONOGRAPH AND PRICES.
Novelty—
Giant Automatic Phonographs.
EXCELSIOR WORKS LTD.,
COLOGNE-ON-THE-RHINE.
Manufacturers of Phonographs.
Price List sent Free and Post Paid on application.



THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

Goddard's
Plate Powder
FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY this Powder has
enjoyed an unrivalled reputation throughout the United
Kingdom and Colonies as the BEST and SAFEST Article for
CLEANING SILVER and ELECTRO PLATE. Sold in Boxes,
1s., 2s., 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by Grocers, Chemists, Ironmongers, &c.
GODDARD'S FURNITURE CREAM.
For Cleaning and Polishing all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.
Sold in bottles, 6d. and 1s. each, by Chemists, Grocers,
Ironmongers, &c.
SIX GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.

HIGH PRESSURE
STEAM PREPARED
SYMINGTON'S PEA FLOUR
EASILY DIGESTED.
FOR THICKENING SOUPS, GRAVIES, &c.
Sold in Tins and Packets by all Grocers.
Manufacturers: **BOWDEN STEAM MILLS, MARKET HARBOUROUGH.**
Established 1827.



1836—1900.
Ridgways
Royal Tea
BY APPOINTMENT.
"Her Majesty's Blend,"
which is precisely similar Tea to that supplied by Ridgways to
H.M. The Queen for Her Majesty's own personal use, is now packed in
sealed, air-proof canisters, each containing one pound, net, and sold at
3s., by **Ridgways, Ltd.,** at their Headquarters, **King William St.,
City, E.C.,** and at **182, Oxford St., W.,** or sent, carriage paid,
to any address. Branches and Agencies throughout the Kingdom.
"H.M.B." IS A PERFECT TEA.




JOYFUL VOICE FROM THE FRONT
HURRAH!
THEY ARE
PIONEER
CIGARETTES
AND
TOBACCO
THE RICHMOND CAVENDISH CO. LTD. LIVERPOOL.



The late Earl of Beaconsfield,
Sir Morell Mackenzie,
Oliver Wendell Holmes,
Miss Emily Faithful,
The late Gen. W. T. Sherman,
and many other persons of distinction have testified
to the remarkable efficacy of
HIMROD'S
CURE FOR ASTHMA
Established over a quarter of a century.
Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world.
It is used as an inhalation and without any after bad effects.
A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post.
In Tins 4s. 3d.
British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London. Also of
Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Sons, J. Sanger & Son,
W. Edwards & Son, May, Roberts, & Co., Butler & Crisp,
John Thompson, Liverpool, & all Wholesale Houses.

IN TUBES,
1s. 6d. and 3s. each.
LLOYD'S
THE ORIGINAL **EUXESIS**
FOR EASY SHAVING,
WITHOUT THE USE OF SOAP, WATER, OR BRUSH.
The Label of the ORIGINAL and GENUINE
Euxesis is printed with Black Ink ONLY
on a Yellow Ground, and bears this
TRADE MARK—
H. HOVENDEN and SONS, Ltd., the Proprietors, bought the
patents, with the receipt, trade-mark, and goodwill, from the
Executrix of the late A. S. Lloyd. The genuine is now manu-
factured ONLY at their Factory.
From all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c.
Wholesale: **R. HOVENDEN and SONS, Ltd.,**
BERNERS STREET, W., and CITY ROAD, E.C.



CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE
For Searches and Authentic Information respecting
ARMORIAL BEARINGS AND FAMILY
DESENTS.
Also for the Artistic Production of
HERALDIC PAINTING, ENGRAVING
AND STITCHERY.
Book-Plates Engraved for Illus-
trating Heraldic Works.
Illustrated Price List and Samples Free.
50 Visiting Cards and Copper Plate,
Groat's, 2s. 6d. Ladies, 3s. 6d.
92, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.
(Formerly 25, Cranborne St.)
RIFLE SHOOTING.
IT IS INCUMBENT ON EVERYONE TO LEARN.
The most Accurate Hitting. The
Finest Sighting. A Perfect Gas
Check. An undeniably fine
Weapon. "Kills a Rabbit at 524
yards." "Dropped a Hat at 40
yards." An Absolutely
Perfect Rifle. The
"BREMINGTON" Pat. For
22 cal. Cartridges, 1/2 per 100.
Winchester Rifles, 21s. Martin,
Stevens, Colt, 200 Service, 10/6.
£5 15s. For Deer Stalking. Sport-
ing 300 with Telescope Sights.
18 Guineas.
MOORE & GREY, 165, PICCADILLY,
LONDON, W.
Established 1820. Write and
The Piccadilly Cartridge (Smoke-
less) is the very best obtainable,
7/6 100. Write for sample 100.
WHAT IT CAN DO.



A NEW KODAK.
THE No. 1A FOLDING POCKET
KODAK.
PRICE
£2 10s.
NO DARK ROOM
IS NEEDED
FOR CHANGING
THE FILMS.
The new Kodak gives a picture 4 1/2 by 2 1/2 in.,
yet is extremely light and compact. It opens and
closes with one rapid movement. An eminently
suitable camera for ladies, cyclists, and tourists.
Write for full illustrated leaflet, post free.
KODAKS from 5s. to £7 7s.
Of all Photographic Dealers, or of—
KODAK, LTD., 43, Clerkenwell Rd.,
LONDON, E.C.
British Branches:—50, Chancery Lane, E.C.; 115, Oxford St., W.;
171-173, Regent St., W.; 20, Brompton Rd., W.; also at
98, Bold St., Liverpool, & 72-74, Buchanan St., Glasgow.
Paris—Easman Kodak Société Anonyme Française,
Avenue de l'Opéra, 2, Place Vendôme, 4. Berlin—Easman
Kodak Gesellschaft, m. b. H. Friedrich Strasse 191.
Friedrich Strasse 191. Brunschwiler Kodak Ltd., Ruedi Fosse
aux Loups 28, Vevey—Kodak Ltd., Crabs 28, St. Peter-
burg—Kodak, Ltd., Boleshaia Konjushennaja 1.
Moscow—Kodak, Ltd., Petrowka, Dom Michailoff.



Peerless Gloss
Is the peer of all dressings for Ladies'
and Children's Shoes. Made by C. L.
HAUTHAWAY & SONS, Boston,
U. S. A., for over 40 years.
Millions use it every day
because it polishes so brightly, lasts
so long, and keeps the leather so flexi-
ble. It's not like others. It's kind to
the leather. Preserves, beautifies, easy
to apply; retains its lustre long. Get
"Peerless Gloss." Insist on the genuine.
Peer of All

Over the
Tomb of the
Prophet is
one of
**BAILEY'S
TURRET
CLOCKS.**
W. H. BAILEY & CO
LIMITED,
Aldon Works,
SALFORD,
MANCHESTER
LONDON—
16, Finsbury
Street, E.C.



THE BEST LENS

fitted on the lightest Camera.

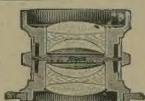


Folding - Pocket, Cartridge, Special Bullet, and Bull's-Eye

Kodaks

Eastman Kodak, Ltd.

FITTED WITH

**GOERZ DOUBLE ANASTIGMATS.**

Price List Free on Application (if this paper is mentioned) to any good Photographic Dealer throughout the Kingdom, or to

C. P. GOERZ,

4 & 5, HOLBORN CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.

Kept in Stock in London at THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC AND PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY, Limited, 106 & 108, Regent Street, W., and 54, Cheapside, E.C.

G. HOUGHTON & SON, 89, High Holborn, W.C.

J. FALLOWFIELD, 146, Charing Cross Road, W.

G. E. LEWIS'S "THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."

TRADE MARK REGISTERED. AS AN EJECTOR.

Honorary: Paris, 1878; Sydney, 1879; Melbourne, 1881; Calcutta, 1884.



1900 Illustrated Catalogue of finished Guns, Rifles, and Revolvers, giving kind, weight, &c., and the price will surprise buyers accustomed to pay retail prices. The Largest Stock of Sporting Guns and Rifles (finished ready for delivery) in England.

We are now making above with an ejector, the newest and best, hammerless, or with hammers, price 20 to 40 guineas, with English, Japanese, or steel barrels, choke or cylinder bores. Rifles, 2 guineas extra, or Colonial model, i.e., one pair of rifle barrels Express or long range, with extra shot barrels fitting same stock, price 40 to 60 guineas. Workmanship and shooting guaranteed.

Conversions, new barrels, and repairs of all kinds by a staff of workmen second to none in the trade.

G. E. LEWIS, 32 & 33, Lower Leaveland St., BIRMINGHAM. (Established 1850.)**Falling Hair PREVENTED BY CUTICURA**

Cleanse the scalp and hair with warm shampoos of CUTICURA SOAP, dry, and apply a light dressing of CUTICURA, purest of emollient skin cures. This treatment will clear the scalp and hair of crusts and dandruff, soothe itching surfaces, supply the roots with energy and nourishment, and make the hair grow, when all else fails. All Chemists. Price 50s. 6d. per box, or 2s. 6d. per box of F. Newberry, London. FOTTER & CO. Sole Trade, Boston, U.S.A.



They will not entangle or break the hair. Are effective and require no skill to use. Made in Five Colours. 12 CURLERS IN BOX. FREE BY POST, 8 STAMPS. (By all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.)

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS, now being sold by Drapers and Others. The Genuine bear our TRADE MARK on the Right-Hand Corner of each Label. WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, LTD., 10, BERNERS ST., W., and CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

Myrtle Grove

SWEET.

COOL.

TOBACCO

FRAGRANT.

TADDY & CO., MINORIES, E.

No. 424.

Keystone Burgundy

Drink a glass, then, if you do not not like it, write us. We will collect the opened flagon or bottle and refund the whole of the cost.

A delightful dinner wine.

Flagon	-	2	0	Sold by licensed grocers, chemists,
Bottle	-	1	6	and wine merchants.
Half Bottle	-	0	10	

Write for booklet.

Stephen Smith & Co., Limited, Bow, London.

"For the Blood is the Life."

Clarke's Blood Mixture,

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.

is warranted to Cleanse the Blood from all Impurities from whatever cause arising. For ECZEMA, SCURVY, SCROFULA, BAD LEGS, ULCERS, GLANDULAR SWELLINGS, SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES, BOILS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, and SORES of all kinds, its Effects are Marvellous. It is the only real Specific for GOUT and RHEUMATIC Pains, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

Clarke's Blood Mixture has stood the test for 30 Years, and thousands of testimonials of wonderful cures have been received from all parts of the world.

It is pleasant to the taste and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the world, price 2s. 9d. per bottle, and in cases containing six times the quantity, price 11s., sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases.—Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

D'ALMAINE AND CO.—PIANOS AND ORGANS. All Improvements.

Approval Carriage free, Easy terms, 10 years' warranty. Secondhand good Cottages from 7 guineas, iron-framed full trichord Pianos from 12/6 per month. Organs from 5 guineas. Full price paid allowed within three years if exchanged for a higher class instrument.

D'ALMAINE and CO. (Established 115 years), 91, Finchley Park Road, E.C. Open till 7. Saturdays, 3.

HINDE'S

Circumstances alter cases. Hindle's Wavers alter faces.

real hair savers.

WAYERS

ALL THE NEW SHADES FOR THE SEASON NOW READY.

LEWIS'S

WONDERFUL

2/- a yard

VELVETEEN

LEWIS'S, in Market Street, MANCHESTER.

This World-Famed Velveteen can only be obtained DIRECT from LEWIS'S, in Market St., Manchester, who will forward a large box of PATTERNS POST FREE on application. Fast Dye, Fast Dyed, Every Inch Guaranteed. If a Dress should wear badly, or be in any respect faulty, LEWIS'S will give a New Dress for nothing at all, and pay the full cost for making and trimming.

NEW SEASON'S DRESS FABRICS

BLACKS AND COLOURS. Tweeds, Cheviots, Checks, Homespuns, Half-Hunting coats, "Flick" finished Serges, Cashmeres, &c. SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF NEW SHADES.

A FINE COLLECTION OF WEDDING GREYS. WRITE FOR PATTERNS AND CATALOGUE OF PRICES.

MERRYWEATHER**ON FIRE PROTECTION OF COUNTRY MANSIONS.**

READ "Fire Protection of Mansions."

Write for ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET on PERIODICAL FIRE INSPECTION AND DRILL. Two Gold Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1900.

"LONDON BRIGADE" HAND FIRE PUMP.

Price complete, £5 5s.

2540 out of 4199 Fires in London in one year alone were extinguished by the "London Brigade" Hand Pump. CALL AND SEE IN ACTION.

MERRYWEATHER & SONS, 63, Long Acre, London, W.C.

S. SMITH & SON,

Watchmakers to the Admiralty. L20.

Our only Address is

9, STRAND

(under the Clock), 5 doors from Charing Cross.

Awarded Prize Medals and Diplomas at the Paris Exhibition, 1900.

SPECIAL CHRONOGRAPH

30-MIN. RECORDER 18-ct. Gold, No. 137, £15 15s.

Silver or Steel, No. 133, £5 5s.



No. 134, Silver or Steel, £8 8s.

No. 138, 18-ct. Gold, £21

**WATCHES FROM £2**

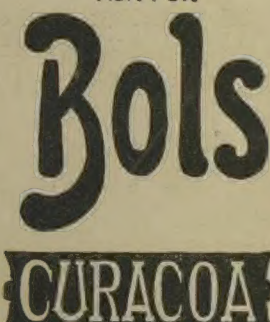
Jewellery Catalogue on Application.

ALL OUR WATCHES AND JEWELLERY can be had on "The Times" ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA system of payment by monthly instalments. Full particulars and our Book A "Guide to the Purchase of a Watch" will be sent post free.

Record Kew Observatory for 1899, 88 7 Marks out of a possible 100.

Our EXHIBIT at the PARIS EXHIBITION, 1900, is in GROUP 15, BRITISH SECTION.

ASK FOR



ALSO

VERY OLD GIN

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

James Hamilton, the son, and Emma Frances Hamilton, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £11,333. After exercising her power of appointment over various funds in favour of her son and daughter Emma Frances, she gives her jewels and personal articles to her daughters Emma Frances and Mary, and the residue of her property to her son.

The will of the Rev. Randolph Henry Pigott, J.P., of The Rectory, Grendon Underwood, Aylesbury, who died on July 22, was proved on Oct. 10 by Mrs. Adeline Pigott, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £2997.

The will of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Frederick Thomas Arthur Hervey-Bathurst, fourth Baronet, late of the

Grenadier Guards, M.P. for South Wilts 1861-65, of Somborne Park, who died on May 20, was proved on Oct. 17 by Dame Ada Hervey-Bathurst, the surviving executor, the value of the estate being £2647.

New Zealand has been enlarging its boundaries. The Cook Islands have been taken into its territory with the approval of Lord Ranfurly, the Governor, Mr. Seddon, the Prime Minister, and both Houses of the Legislature. The kings, queens, and chiefs of the islands, and all the inhabitants, seem to be equally in accord in their wish to be enrolled as subjects of the British Crown. The ceremonies were simple but sufficing. The British flag was hoisted

and a salute fired from her Majesty's cruiser *Mildura*. The Governor read a proclamation, another salute was fired, the people cheered, and the deed of annexation was done. With the Cook Islands come also the Penrhyn group and Suvaroff Island, which possesses one of the best harbours in the Pacific. Captain Baynes was the officer who hoisted the British flag.

On Thursday at the Mansion House Sir Homewood Crawford, Senior Past Master of the Fanmakers' Company, presented the Lady Mayoress with an exquisite fan, entirely of English make, as a souvenir of her Ladyship's services at the Mansion House during Sir Alfred Newton's Mayoralty. Sir Alfred is Master of the Fanmakers' Company.

DICK'S PATENT DRIVING BELTS

Guttapercha, Canvas, and Balata.

SPECIAL FEATURES:

Great Durability.
Enormous Driving Strength.
Perfect Steadiness and Smoothness in Working.
Entire Absence of Stretching or Slipping.

ALL BELTS BEAR OUR TRADE MARK.

Price-Lists, Samples, and Testimonials may be obtained of the Patentees & Makers.



As an article of practical utility indispensable to manufacturers in every line of business, Dick's Patent Belts hold an absolutely unique position, and the introduction of the various improvements which experience has from time to time suggested fully justifies their claim to be the only perfect Driving Belt in existence. No better proof of the striking superiority of Dick's Patent Belts can be offered than the remarkable increase in the sales during the past three years in every part of the world where Driving Belts are used, notably in such important fields as the chief countries of Europe, the South African Goldfields, India, &c.

R. & J. DICK, GREENHEAD WORKS, & 46, ST. ENOCH SQUARE, GLASGOW.

Wholesale Depots: LONDON—58, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.

Birmingham: 8, Dale End. Bristol: 53, Corn St. Manchester: 10, Corporation St. Leeds: 5, New Station St. Newcastle-on-Tyne: 8, Neville St. Dublin: 43, Henry St. Belfast: 22, North St. Edinburgh: 7, North Bridge.

Specially Appointed Agents in

PARIS, VIENNA, BRUSSELS, MOSCOW, DUISBURG, BUCHAREST, HORN (SWITZERLAND), GOTHENBURG, CHRISTIANIA, COPENHAGEN, BILBAO, CALCUTTA, BOMBAY, YOKOHAMA, CONSTANTINOPLE, SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, BRISBANE, ADELAIDE, DUNEDIN, AUCKLAND, MONTREAL, VALPARAISO, &c.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES

Composed only of purest simple drugs, the most delicate in health may use them in perfect confidence. They are emphatically the best Cough Remedy ever made.

Sold by all Chemists, in Tins, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

Of all Chemists.



Lanoline

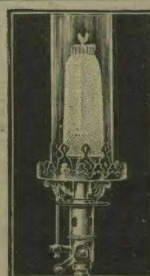
TRADE MARK

Natural Toilet Preparations.

Toilet 'Lanoline,' in collapsible tubes, 6d. & 7s. per tube.
Makes rough skin smooth, and protects delicate complexions from wind and sun.

'Lanoline' Toilet Soap, 6d. per tablet; 5 in box, 7s. 6d.
Never irritates; cleanses and keeps the skin supple.

Wholesale Depot—67, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.



THE GAS SELF-LIGHTING CO. Ltd.

By means of this Company's valuable patents, the use of matches or tapers for lighting gas jets is entirely dispensed with, dispensing also with a bye pass jet continually lighted (this saves the expense). A great source of danger from fire is thereby removed, and an annual expense far exceeding the cost of the Self-Lighter is saved.

THE SELF-LIGHTER.

A Simple, Effective, Economical Danger Remover. You turn on the gas and the Self-Lighter ignites it. Invaluable to all gas consumers.

Send for Price List and full particulars to—

THE GAS SELF-LIGHTING CO., Ltd., 130, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

